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THE UNITARIAN DENOMINATION.

BY E. H. SEARS.

SOMETHING more than a year ago the biographer of Theodore Parker was placed on the Executive Board of the American Unitarian Association, from a wish to have represented in its deliberations that portion of the religious community with whose opinions he was known to be in sympathy. What these opinions are he had sufficiently indicated in various ways, and he has since summed them up in language which is very frank and vigorous. His exhortation is "that we may proceed to the great work of emancipating our minds from all the Old Testaments and New Testaments, supernaturally interpreted, from old statements and new statements, from specialities of every description, from partialities and personalities, from temperaments of every shade and color, *leaving them out of the way, putting them down and trampling them under feet.*" So emancipation lies through his "idiosyncrasy" in order to have the liberal religion of God's "immediate presence."*

Mr. Weiss — much to his honor, we think — withdrew from the Executive Board, where he was placed, as he thought, in a false position, but he was urged to remain under the assurance that his appointment indicated the policy which the Board were desirous of carrying out.

* See Mr. Weiss' speech at the meeting of Free Religionists in Horticultural Hall.
VOL. XXXIX. 24

One of our liberal societies declined contributing to the funds of the Association, sending to them a letter, and giving the reasons. It was not from any motive of hostility, but because silent non-compliance would have been misunderstood, because they deemed it their duty and their right to release themselves from all responsibility in disseminating such opinions, and because, though they had no faith in the policy indicated by the Board, they had abundant faith in the Board itself, and in its Secretary, as gentlemen of the highest Christian character, and truest loyalty to the best interests of the denomination and of Christianity; and they believed that the reasons would be weighed and discussed, if at all, with a dignity and candor becoming the subject, and their just influence allowed, and they believe so now.

This simple recital we have deemed necessary as an answer, and a sufficient one, to many things which have been said and written, — not always in a Christian temper and mood. The subject, however, ought to be lifted away from "specialities and personalities." The action of the Board was only one of the many signs in our denominational sky. Some of the best and wisest men among us regard the denomination as in a transition period, either towards weakness and disintegration, or, as they hope and believe rather, towards greater efficacy and a more pervading and commanding influence. Nevertheless, many excellent persons have left it and are leaving it, and one or two religious societies quietly withdraw their relations because they will not be responsible for opinions which they believe subvert the foundations of Christian faith. We hold it the duty of every good man and woman whom the Divine Providence has placed in the denomination to stay in it, especially in times like these, and staying in it, to utter the truth which God gives them pertaining to its highest prosperity and welfare.

I. First, then, let us not be blind to the fact that an opportunity now offers itself to the liberal churches such as no sect has had before. It is no disadvantage that our numbers are small. Pioneer bodies are always small, and work more ef-

fectively on that account, are able to wield their forces more surely and hit the mark. The denomination has wealth, learning, and a full share of intellectual and moral strength, and from its historic vantage-ground could command illimitable resources. It has just attained to an organization which would make it a national church of vast efficiency provided the life-blood of Christianity can be made to throb warmly through it. The national conference, with the local conferences for its constituencies, east, west, and south, will offer an opportunity not for church extension alone, but for doing a great work in moulding the thought of the times and in the civilization of our domestic barbarism.

But what is to give any unity, coherence, or life to this organism if its historic vantage-ground is once abandoned? What is it but a chance agglomeration of individuals to tumble apart as easily as they tumbled together if the great central Personality of Jesus Christ and his authoritative word are to be taken out of it, and every man remanded to his individual inspirations. Some of the brethren may have passed into the "immediate presence," even beyond the sapphire blaze, but how in the name of common sense are we sinners to know it who have not learned the seraphic dialect, and who can only be gathered around Jesus of Nazareth whom they think they have left behind? What sort of a church extension shall we have, sending out preachers whose minds are "emptied clean of the Old and New Testaments" while nobody knows how the vacuum is filled up, or whether it is filled at all? Ministers are evanescent, and soon pass away. But the Word of God remains, and if any minister amid ever so much weakness and foolishness can ground any people upon it, the Word will be there and Jesus Christ will be there, long after the whole of us have gone into our graves; and they may open up inexhaustible treasures to that people, and preach to them a living gospel beyond what the best of us have yet apprehended. A church founded thus — such a church as Channing dreamed of and prayed for, fettered by no human creed nor private interpretations, but gathered only around Him in whom the fulness of Di-

vinity dwells* — has all the future for its inheritance with none of the dead dogmas of the past; it may grow forever into the more perfect form and body of Christ till he lives in all its functions; its differences will be only as surface waves, while its unity of spirit will be as the deep and still currents beneath, — “many like the billows, yet one like the sea.” But it is plain to us that churches founded on the “idiosyncrasies” of this man and that will not last a single generation, but drift down the stream like the fogs of a November morning; and we must ignore strangely both the facts of history and the tendencies of human nature if we do not see that a denomination constituted in this way is very sure not only to break in pieces but crumble to atoms.

II. On the score of Christian catholicity and charity we think the denomination cannot abandon its historic vantage-ground, and that if it does, it will become very rapidly not a Christian Church Catholic, but a wrangling Babel. What is to preserve the catholic spirit of universal charity and goodwill? Not the conglomeration of incongruous masses, not the herding together of opinions that antagonize and neutralize each other, but the gathering of souls around Jesus Christ in

* “My first objection to creeds is that they separate us from Jesus Christ. To whom am I to go for my knowledge of the Christian religion, but to the Great Teacher, to the Son of God, to Him in whom the fulness of the Divinity dwelt? This is my great privilege as a Christian, that I may sit at the feet, not of a human, but divine Master, that I may repair to Him in whom truth spoke without a mixture of error, who was eminently the Wisdom of God and the Light of the world. And shall man dare to interpose between me and my heavenly Guide and Saviour, and prescribe to me the articles of my Christian faith? What is the state of mind in which I shall best learn the truth? It is that in which I forsake all other teachers for Christ, in which my mind is brought nearest to him; it is that in which I lay myself open most entirely to the impressions of his mind. Let me go to Jesus with a human voice sounding in my ears and telling me what I must hear from the Great Teacher, and how can I listen to him with singleness of heart? All Protestant sects indeed tell the learner to listen to Jesus Christ; but most of them shout around him their own articles so vehemently and imperiously that the voice of the heavenly Master is well-nigh drowned. He is told to listen to Christ, but told that he will be damned if he receives any lessons but such as are taught in the creed. He is told that Christ's word is alone infallible, but unless it is learned as interpreted by fallible men, he will be excluded from the communion of Christians. This is what shocks me in the creed-maker. He interposes himself between me and my Saviour. He dares not trust me alone with Jesus. He dares not leave me to the Word of God. This I cannot endure.” — CHANNING.

such spirit of discipleship that his temper and life become theirs. That makes a church catholic if anything is to do it, taking out of human nature the poison of hate, envy, and selfish ambition, and inbreathing the spirit of tolerance, love, and good-will.

But a Christianity with Christ taken out of it has no such power to enlarge the heart and sweeten its fountains. Our neighbors tell us that the differences are only about "the method and instrumentality" of a divine revelation; only about "the nature of God's messenger," only about "the precise nature and office of one whom they admit to be one of God's creatures and instruments." Indeed! That is all the difference, is it, between receiving Christ and the New Testament as the rule of faith and life, and cleaning them all out of the way; all the difference between Lord and Master and a fetish which the moral sense disowns?

We submit that the prime question is not about the precise nature and office of Christ, but whether any Christ ever existed, any, at least, which is known to history.

What are the conclusions which the new school of criticism have arrived at? These: that the fourth Gospel is spurious throughout, and that everything miraculous or supernatural is to be sifted from the other three and from the Epistles as the work of forgers or dreamers. But the miraculous and supernatural of the New Testament pertain to the birth, the works, the death, the resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ and his second coming in the Paraclete,—the frame and body of the entire New Testament narrative. Take these out, and all of discourse, promise, prophecy, and colloquial intercourse which proceed from them, and which they involve and draw after them, and what have we left? Nothing but a few precepts and apothegms, most of which you might compile from the Talmud. Jesus Christ has vanished from the field of history. He has not so much shape or consistence as one of the ghosts of Ossian, but he disappears in that dark and voiceless inane whence no tidings have ever wandered or ever will.

Now what is and ever has been the great power of Chris-

tianity, in all the forms in which it has been professed, to melt the native savagery of the heart and set free its warmest and tenderest humanities? Not its precepts and apothegms, not its exhortations to love and forgiveness, but all these as embodied in a Life; as exemplified in a Divine Person whence an influence ever breathes upon the soul as the very fragrantcy of heaven, melting the ice out of it, and bringing it in lowly self-sacrifice at the feet of the Son of man. It is this Divine Personality which through all the ages has been changing the false and cruel theologies that have gathered around the name of Jesus, giving them touches of softness and making them humane. It is of less consequence, we think, what one's speculations about the "hypostatic union" may be. None of us get very deep when we undertake the psychology of God. So long as we read the New Testament as veritable history, here is the central reality, here is the transforming power of Christianity under whatever theory we may form about it, melting through all the ages and inspiring humanity itself with the sublimest spirit of self-devotion. Are we to be told that it is all the same whether this power is to continue as the central reality, the sun of the whole system whence all its truths do trick their beams, or whether it shall be expunged and turned into a ghostly shadow and Christianity shrivel to a code of rules?

III. But why not teach the great truths of universal religion — God and the Holy Spirit, and immortality, and the duties of love to God and love to man — without any other authority than the truths themselves, and without any reference to "the old stories of the Old and New Testaments"? Why not found churches upon these truths alone? Because these words — God, the Holy Spirit, and Immortality — within the circle of Christian ideas and personalities, are fraught with a meaning which they can never lose, but which grows more full and sufficing with all Christian progress; and because without that circle the meaning leaks out of them all the while till they hang empty and float in air. No one who receives the New Testament as history ever loses faith in the personal Fatherhood of God, in his universal provi-

dence, in the Holy Spirit as an effusive energy coming from above man to find him and renew him, in the existence of an angel world, and in man created and destined for its abodes. Not only so, but these truths grow upon him and become the ever brightening scenery of his mind. On the other hand without the circle of Christian ideas and personalities they freeze into abstractions, or fade off altogether, till God sinks into an impersonal force and the spirit world is swamped in the natural. Some of the Hegelians, having discharged the New Testament of any historical Christ by means of the Tübingen criticism, still used the Christian nomenclature the same as before. They believed, they said, not only in God, but in the Trinity, in the Supreme Deity of Christ, in the Atonement, the Holy Spirit, and eternal life; and they professed to have placed these doctrines on a most impregnable foundation. Hegel even died in the odor of orthodoxy. But the God of his system has self-consciousness only in humanity. Christ the God-man was not a person who appeared in Palestine, but the human race in its solidarity; eternal life is not personal existence after death, but regress into the impersonal Deity. All personal existence is corrupt and sinful; this is strained out of us by death, through which we return into the unconscious infinite, with which we are really identical, and from which our separation was only docetic and illusive. Man's immortality, or life after death, is only here on the earth, in his works and in the memory of mankind; and this is eternal life defecated and sublimed by pantheistic philosophy.* For some time after the idea of an historical Christ, a self-conscious Deity, and a personal immortality had been discharged from Christianity, the old phraseologies, rituals, and names kept on just the same even in orthodox pulpits. It was only discovered on nearer approach and examination that the citadel was de-

* "Grass," says Meyen, "is already growing over the grave of Daub. Is he therefore dead for his friends and for the world? His works and hence also his Spirit live! Many winter storms have already swept over the grave of Hegel and of Goethe, but does not their spirit still live amongst us? It is as Christ said, Where two of you are met together, there am I in the midst of you. Thus each continues to live according to his works."

sented, that the ordnance was all wooden, painted in exact imitation of the old guns that had been taken down; and that when you entered through the gates, you found the city evacuated, all its armies and peoples gone, its stores of provision removed, its streets as silent as a graveyard, and your voice echoing back from deserted habitations.

We by no means imply that these great and sacred names have always slipped their meaning to this extent outside the Christian revelation, but we must be strangely oblivious to well-known facts if we do not see that this is the inevitable tendency; and that "progress" out of the circle and beyond the influence of the majestic personalities of the Bible is not into the light that burns warmer and clearer, but into the dusk that deepens into night. If the idea of God, as held by such men as Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill, and by men of equal ability nearer home, gets every quality of a Divine Fatherhood strained out of it, leaving only an unknowable force for the evolution of phenomena, what reason have we to suppose that churches founded not on Jesus Christ, but on somebody's idiosyncrasies, may not exist with all the forms and titles of Christian theism, while all Christian thought is leaking out of its words and rituals?

IV. There is another view which commands the interest of Unitarians. It becomes plainer every year that the high vantage-ground which they assumed is the one to which all the denominations are tending. The hard, unchristian features of the old creeds are softening; the old lines of division grow wavy and indistinct. That our liberal Christianity has done something to bring this to pass is undeniable; but perhaps we are apt to take more credit to ourselves in this than fairly belongs to us. These changes, as we read the signs, come not mainly from our controversies nor from any visible appliances whatsoever. They come from the profounder currents of the Spirit within; from "the grander sweep of tides serene" which is bearing all of us, Trinitarians and Unitarians alike, towards higher realms of truth and towards a higher and more comprehending unity. But as we apprehend it this divine current sets not away from Jesus Christ and his word,

but towards profounder, more inspiring, and more unitizing views of both. The yearnings of this age as uttered out of the deepest wants of human nature are not to get farther away from Christ, but to get nearer to him. The Tübingen criticism is not the product of the highest and best scholarship, and is becoming obsolete in Germany to-day. The first "Leben Jesu" of Strauss was eagerly and widely read. His second, thirty years after, written for the people, falls comparatively dead. In America the great denominations that move on with renewed vigor to the work of Christian civilization and education, as the new golden opportunities arise, do not make their theologies less Christian, but more so, and the Christ in them gives to them both their aggressive power and their inspiring song. Our Unitarian rationalism has not shown itself as yet the advanced thought of the times, but the very smallest among the reflex eddies under the lee shore, while the vast current of the world's progress is sweeping brightly and grandly by. We can get stuck and finally swamped on one of these little side eddies if we will; and then the other denominations, advancing with the ideas which we have ignobly abandoned, will do the work which we ought to have done, — or, as we pray and believe will be the case, we can be true to the historic urgencies and pledges of the denomination, — and then it is plain to see, at least it is plain to us, there is a point not far in the distance where we shall be at one with all the advancing denominations, fulfilling as never before the words of the Master, "I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me and hast loved them as thou hast loved me."

Moreover, let us strive earnestly not that we may have less of Christ, but a great deal more of him as the inspiring life and moving power of our organizations; let his love and Spirit be sent in warmer pulses from the churches into the conferences, from the local conferences to the national, and from the national back into the local; and let the Unitarian Association be true to the historic urgencies and pledges of the denomination, and we apprehend that without any storm -

ing of the public mind or any extraordinary effort whatever, the funds would flow into its treasury with the regularity and profusion of the early and the latter rain. Every pastor would be its agent and every society its constituent; and what is more, it would be in the wake of God's providence, and his Spirit would be the prompting life of all the churches to the divine charities of the gospel.

We had written the above when the "Liberal Christian" came to us with an article by Rev. A. P. Putnam, on "The Association and its Literature," from which we take the following passage:—

"It is strong evidence of the real Christian merit of this literature that those who wish to prejudice our churches against it, and against the Association that publishes it, have to travel far beyond its proper range to find material for their warfare. To make the Association responsible for the unchristian utterances of those who have taken special pains to separate themselves from the denomination, and who no longer claim affiliation with us, is as mischievous as it is unjust. The evident purpose of this warfare is to compel the Association to a less liberal policy by giving 'aid and comfort to the enemy.' Mr. Sears very well knows that whenever he quotes the words of these outsiders as something for which the Association is to be held responsible, his representations are eagerly seized upon by orthodox editors and preachers far and near, and are employed by them to prejudice still more the public mind against us and against our views."

Now we think our brother Putnam is too true and too candid a man to write deliberately in this way, and that he could not do it unless he were oblivious of well-known facts. We have taken pains with every opportunity to commend and circulate the literature which he so earnestly recommends.

Quoting these "outsiders!" Was Mr. Weiss an "outsider" when placed upon the Executive Board expressly to have his opinions and those of his friends represented? It made him an *insider*, with all the friends with whom he affiliated, and it is vain to deny it.

"Aid and comfort to the enemy!" Who gave aid and comfort to the enemies of Liberal Christianity, when the most unchristian article we quoted assured the public, on the authority of our most respectable organ, that there were large numbers in our religious societies who exulted in the destructive words that set aside Jesus Christ as an object of religious faith? Who gave them aid and comfort when assured again that no one had a safe place in the denomination who was not in fellowship with Theodore Parker; or yet again, that the faith of Christendom based on the teachings of Christ was pseudo-Christianity? These and numerous things of a like character, published in Unitarian organs right under our brother's eye, went east, west, north, and south, were quoted as the last result of Unitarianism or embodied in articles written against it long before we cited them. And how comes it so "mischievous" in us to quote these very things only to show that the denomination ought *not* to be made responsible for them, while our brother has no word of remonstrance for those who would make them so or who utter them in its name? We ask him in all kindness whether if he and others like him gave his word and influence to hold the denomination consistently to the ground of the Preamble of the National Conference, instead of playing fast and loose with it, we should need any longer to heed what other people say of us, standing on the very rock against which, as the promise is, the gates of hell shall not prevail?

LOVE TO CHRIST.

[AN EXTRACT FROM CHANNING.]

CHRIST's religion is very imperfect without himself; and therefore they who would make an abstract of his precepts, and say that it is enough to follow these without thinking of their author, grievously mistake, and rob the system of much of its energy. I mean not to disparage the precepts of Christ, considered in themselves. But their full power is only to be understood and felt by those who place themselves near the Divine Teacher, who see the celestial fervor of his affection whilst he utters them, who follow his steps from Bethlehem to Calvary, and witness the expression of his precepts in his own life. These come to me almost as new precepts, when I associate them with Jesus. His command to love my enemies becomes intelligible and bright, when I stand by his cross and hear his prayer for his murderers. I understand what he meant by the self-denial which he taught, when I see him foregoing the comforts of life, and laying down life itself, for the good of others. I learn the true character of that benevolence, by which human nature is perfected; how it unites calmness and earnestness, tenderness and courage, condescension and dignity, feeling and action; this I learn in the life of Jesus as no words could teach me.

So I am instructed in the nature of piety by the same model. The command to love God with all my heart, if only written, might have led me into extravagance, enthusiasm, and neglect of common duties; for religious excitement has a peculiar tendency to excess; but in Jesus I see a devotion to God, entire, perfect, never remitted, yet without the least appearance of passion, as calm and self-possessed as the love which a good mind bears to a parent; and in him I am taught, as words could not teach, how to join supreme regard to my Creator with active charity and common duties toward my fellow-beings.

And not only the precepts, but the true doctrine of Christianity, are bound up with Jesus, and cannot be truly under-

stood without him. For example, one of the great doctrines of Christianity, perhaps its chief, is the kind interest of God in all his creatures, not only in the good, but in the evil; his placable, clement, merciful character; his desire to recover and purify and make forever happy even those who have stained themselves with the blackest guilt. The true character of God in this respect, I see indeed in his providence, I read it in his word, and for every manifestation of it I am grateful. But when I see his spotless and beloved Son, to whom his power was peculiarly delegated, and in whom he peculiarly dwelt, giving singular attention to the most fallen and despised men, casting away all outward pomp, that he might mingle familiarly with the poor and neglected; when I see him sitting at table with the publican and the sinner, inviting them to approach him as a friend, suffering the woman, whose touch was deemed pollution, to bedew his feet with tears; and when I hear him in the midst of such a concourse saying, "I am come to seek and to save that which was lost," I have a conviction of the tenderness, benignity, and grace of that God whose representative and chosen minister he was and is, as no abstract teaching could have given me. Let me add one more doctrine, that of immortality. I prize every evidence of this great truth. I look within and without me for some pledge that I am not to perish in the grave, that this mind, with its thoughts and affections, is to live and improve and be perfected, and to find that joy for which it thirsts and which it cannot find on earth. Christ's teaching on this subject is invaluable; but what power does this teaching gain, when I stand by his sepulchre, and see the stone rolled away, and behold the great revealer of immortality rising in power and triumph, and ascending to the life and happiness he had promised!

Thus Christianity, from beginning to end, is intimately connected with its Divine Teacher. It is not an abstract system. The rational Christian who would think of it as such, who, in dwelling on the religion, overlooks its Revealer, is unjust to it. Would he see and feel its power, let him see it warm, living, breathing, acting, in the mind, heart, and life of its Founder.

Let him love it there. In other words, let him love the character of Jesus, justly viewed, and he will love the religion in the way most fitted to make it the power of God unto salvation.

EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL IN HIS TIME.

"MISFORTUNE and good fortune are things past,
Else are they things that have not yet arrived,
And what is past is done irrevocably, —
It is a form of Nature now to man,
And only by a beauteous, holy law
It came to pass, and Nature welcomed it!
Dissatisfaction with the thing that's done,
This is what makes men miserable! content
With what is done, this is men's happiness.
What now is wise in passing through this world?
To know what Nature brings to best account,
To make of it a life, yea, festival,
As children do with snow, which, fluttering down
Silently, buries all their pleasant days.
And never hold thy life a finished thing!
Then fortune, good or bad, is not yet come,
Then life has not yet happened; 'tis to be!
Man has material yet for bliss and life
Till the last hour, even death itself is such,
Which in a godlike way pronounces good,
And blesses what is done! For sure 'twas good,
True, human, heavenly in God's beauteous world,
And in the good heart long since beautiful."

THE LAYMAN'S BREVIARY.

"BUSINESS is too often regarded as the hindrance to the spiritual life. I regard it as among the finest means the world affords for strengthening and causing to grow this inner real life. For every deed may be done according to the fashion of the outward perishing life, as an end; or it may be done after the fashion of the inward endless life, — done righteously, done nobly, done upon occasion, magnificently, — ever regarded as a something to be put under the feet of the spiritual man to lift him to the height of his high calling."

LITURGICAL WORSHIP AND FREE PRAYER.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

At a meeting of the Standing Committee of First Church, held on the 30th of January last, it was voted "that a committee of three be appointed by the Chair, and requested to consider the adoption of a Liturgy in the devotional services at this church, to ascertain if they can obtain the consent of the Wardens of King's Chapel for the use of the form now followed by that society, and to report their doings to the proprietors, at their next annual meeting." As one of the Committee so appointed, the present writer has given to the subject such time as he could command, and offers here some of the results of his inquiry, in the hope that he may prepare the way for a consideration of the matter in some other quarters. I shall take for granted that those who have been called into Christian liberty will not, from a natural and proper attachment to existing usages, turn a deaf ear to any discussion of proposed changes. Our present practice was once a questionable novelty, a departure from the way of the fathers, with no more claim to be considered final than theirs, and open to revision and reconstruction whenever there is a reasonable hope of something better. It is a part of our liberty to subordinate the form to the spirit, to be superior to traditions, even our own traditions, not to be compelled to refuse old things simply because they are old, or to reject what is true and useful because it has been associated with what is false and harmful.

It may be of service to trace the course of the Christian Church in this matter of worship, and to see how we have come into our present situation. The disciples of our Lord, in their assemblies for worship and instruction, seem to have followed in the main the order to which they had been accustomed in their Jewish synagogues, — a blending of the liturgical method with the practice of free prayer and extemporaneous address. The oldest Orders of Service are little more than orders. The Lord's Prayer and certain primitive words

of salutation and benediction on the part of the minister and people were the only fixed symbols in the second century; whatever else we find in the old liturgies is of later date. These old greetings and blessings, such as "The Lord be with you!" "And with thy spirit!" are retained in the English Book of Common Prayer, and are its most ancient portions. The Service always consisted of two parts, the Lord's Supper being observed on every Lord's Day. Here is one of the oldest Orders of Service: * A Psalm from the Old or New Testament sung in the antiphonic manner of the Hebrew poetry, according to Hemistichs, or, in the place of this, an act of humiliation or confession. The Psalm closed with a doxology which has come down in three forms, — Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever, or, Glory be to the Father and to the Son, with the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever, or, Glory be to the Father in the Son, and through the Holy Ghost for ever and ever. Then came a canticle of the Old Testament, or a Christian hymn; then lessons, first from the Old and second from the New Testament, then a homily or explanation of Scripture, especially of the Gospel, and exhortations to Christian faith and life; then the dismissal of those who did not remain to the Lord's Supper, with a prayer and blessing, which might be delivered by a layman. The ancient Church recognized and practised three kinds of devotion: silent prayer, free prayer, and short forms. Gradually the Lord's Prayer was amplified and the utterances of the worshippers became formularies which, however, were used with great freedom, until the Church passed more and more into the keeping of the clergy, and the voice of free prayer was no more heard in the congregation, the mediæval choir chanting the old psalms, not with the people, but for the people. The Roman Church recognized four great liturgies, — the Gregorian, the Ambrosian, the Gallican, and the Spanish.

The Protestant Reformation brought in free prayer, and gave back the Psalms to the congregation to be said or sung. On the Continent of Europe, and even in England, amongst

* See Bunsen's "Hippolytus and his Age"

the Puritans, liturgical worship gave way to the largest freedom, running sometimes into utterances which for length and for their endless repetitions, would now, at least, be regarded as anything but edifying. The reaction against forms was extreme. In the worship of our Puritan forefathers, even the Bible was not read, lest the reading should take the form of the old superstitious lessons. The English Protestant Church, however, presently prepared a church book for the use of all the congregations, and had a more liberal spirit prevailed in her counsels, might easily have retained in her communion such eminent Puritans as Baxter and Calamy, who cherished no objections to forms of prayer, provided they could be used in freedom and with the allowance upon proper occasions of extemporaneous utterance. The old method of exclusion prevailed, and the Puritans, as after them the Methodists, went their way, taking with them much of the best life of the Church. The form of confession at the opening of this service was composed by the German reformer Bucer (whose body was disinterred and fastened to a stake by order of Queen Mary), then residing in England; the collects are mostly old, and their name recalls the days of silent prayer being acts of recollection on the part of the worshipper. The morning worship of this liturgy is really a union of three services in one,—the morning prayer, properly so called, the touching litany, and the ante-communion service,—and so is frequently complained of as over long. Common Prayer in the English tongue was introduced by act of Parliament in 1548, and revised from time to time until, in 1662, it came substantially into its present form, and has gained and kept a very strong hold upon the affection of the English people. It is not without serious defects, such as the blending of three distinct services in one, the undue prominence given to Hebrew psalms, some of which are not in the least adapted to Christian worship and the repetition of prayers in similar, if not the same words; nevertheless, with all these defects, it is unsurpassed as a book of devotions for the congregation,—a treasury of the prayers of saints, breathing out the very spirit of the Christ in language as elevated as it is simple.

The liturgy referred to in the vote of our Committee is such a revision of this book as seemed to be needed to fit it for the use of those Christians who, when they pray, would only say "Our Father," and ask for what they need, not of Christ, but in the name of Christ. It was prepared for the use of King's Chapel in the year 1785, great assistance having been derived from the corrections of the Book of Common Prayer suggested by Dr. Samuel Clarke, an Arian member of the Church of England. In the introduction to this service book, the editor, Dr. Freeman, says, "It is not our wish to make proselytes to any particular system or opinions of any particular sect of Christians. Our earnest desire is to live in brotherly love and peace with all men, and especially with those who call themselves the disciples of Jesus Christ."

By our own traditions, as you know, we are committed to the strictest Puritanism and the uttermost simplicity. Our forefathers in England, separating from the English Church, prepared no forms of service of their own which deserve to be called a Liturgy; partly, perhaps, because they hoped for a time when Common Prayer would be modified to suit their views, and yet also because every revival of Christian life is signalized by fresh utterances of the Spirit in the congregation of believers, — utterances which ought to fashion themselves into new liturgies. Our free praying, moreover, has become very dear to many, through long usage and a multitude of precious associations, whilst the words so spoken bear up their hearts better than any premeditated and oft-repeated prayer. And yet there are indications that the protest against forms of prayer may have exhausted itself. The organ, the Puritan's abomination, is found now in almost every house of worship. The Psalms of the Book of Common Prayer are everywhere chanted. In many churches, the alternate reading of the Psalms by the minister and people is practised. Not a few of our congregations use books of service, more or less elaborate, — a practice which I am told is almost universal amongst the liberal churches of England. Within a few weeks, a Liturgy has been put forth by the American Unitarian Association. There is a growing feeling that free prayer

alone is not sufficient either to call forth or to express the religious feeling of the congregation, and that the associations with a well-chosen Book of Prayers are of great value as childhood passes into youth and matures into age. It is believed, also, that where so many influences tend to divide, Common Prayer, in a settled form, tends to unite and bind, and transmits the life of the congregation from age to age. We have learned, moreover, that one may be refreshed as well as wearied by ever recurring and therefore familiar words, especially if no better can be found, and to depart from them is to incur the risk of falling into worse, and that in view of the different measures of gifts amongst those who are called to voice the prayers of the congregation, it is well to be assured of some words which all find acceptable.

I am satisfied that there are many Christian worshippers who are not so content with the method of free prayer as to be unable to see any of the advantages which are secured by the opposite method, and for myself, I am quite prepared to ask, "Why not strive to gain the good of both ways?" Why not follow the earliest practice in which the letter and the spirit were both recognized? It is good to have something fixed, — something which shall be before the eyes and in the hands of the people, that they may thoroughly take part in the praying, lifting their voices with the voice of the preacher. In the Sunday-school, which is the children's church, this is found to be especially helpful. Perhaps in this way praying may sometimes take the place of listening to prayers, or not listening to them. But in order to gain this good, we need not, and ought not, to sacrifice the Free Prayer, which is one of the sure witnesses of the life of the Church, through the ever-proceeding Spirit. It would be sad, indeed, to be told that the words in which the Christian heart is to pour forth its abundance of faith, aspiration, revering love, penitence, longing for pardon and peace and rest, have all been uttered, written, printed, and bound in a book. That would be a sure sign of death. The Lord deliver us from an age of mere forms and formulas, from priests and people who cannot pray any more prayers, who can supply no more of

the material out of which liturgies are framed. Who can breathe the breath of life under an exhausted receiver? The very presence of a book beyond which one could never go, would, of itself, provoke to free prayer, and send men forth as it did the Quakers and the Methodists, to pour out the heart with the common people, and lift them heavenward upon a mighty wave of devotion, which would be to all forms of prayer like the swelling of the Jordan. How inevitably a revival of free praying came with Methodism! How impossible for the Wesleys to have compassed England with the Prayer Book! The Church must be growing in its devotions, as in all else. The Spirit still leads us into all truth. We must either write, print, and read fresh prayers, or we must extemporize them. The kingdom of God is ever coming, ever new, ever more beautiful with each new age. Let us not, because of the crude, careless, painfully personal, and shockingly familiar utterances into which so many free worshippers are betrayed, silence the voice of the Spirit, or say that, whatever be the various experiences of the day and place, there shall be the same unchanging words. For myself, I can have no part with a stereotype, petrified, fossil Christianity. A crop of formulas is the poorest possible growth which can spring from any soil called Christian. Sad indeed, and discouraging, were one compelled to answer when asked, What is the result of your ministry? To what conclusion have you brought your people? Why, they have settled down upon a Liturgy,—they have bought some prayer-books. No! whatever else we adopt, let us stir up the gift of prayer, and call upon Him who puts his Spirit into us also, and watches still for its going forth, a breath of life.

A blended method seems to me the best: a book of prayers,—the Chapel Liturgy is, perhaps, the best within our reach,—with liberty to lay it aside at times altogether, and to use it with such omissions as would leave a place for the day's utterance. I am satisfied that, in gathering a new congregation, such a method would be successful, and that a congregation so ordered would meet a pressing want, and retain in our free churches some who are now drawn by richer forms

of worship into other connections. Whether such changes can be introduced successfully in a parish whose traditions are all the other way, is not so easy to determine. Changes are best accepted when they are gradual. I am told that the oldest mill in England is, at the same time, the newest, because the owners have introduced the new things little by little, and, as it were, imperceptibly, never altering much at any one time. Unfortunately this cannot be done in the matter which we have been considering. It must be a great change, and to those who love old things, a very unwelcome change. Who can blame them? Who does not admire the strong affection which goes out towards things old and well tried?—the clinging to the paths where we have mourned and rejoiced? I certainly should be sorry, indeed, to be told that a change would leave nothing to regret. And yet there may be those who, retaining in a measure the old way, might be ready so far to sacrifice their own personal preferences as to consent to some such change as that into the expediency of which the Committee would have us inquire. Let the wishes of all be fairly and fully made known and considered. Let us try to bear one another's burdens in this as in everything else, and reach, if possible, a common mind. Do not, as is too often the way, keep silence whilst the thing is pending, and speak out in complaint when the thing is done. And above all things else, remember that, interesting and important as these matters of form may be, they are but as the small dust in the balance compared to the great verities and realities of our life in Christ,—a life whose divine force has fashioned every creed and ceremony of the Church, and given to them all the significance they can boast. Only in the name of this life do I bring forth new things or old,—the life, which “is more than meat, the body, which is more than raiment. I confess that I stand amazed whilst ritualists and anti-ritualists urge their controversies. Touching these things, I am content to be a perfect Gallio, who, it is written cared for none of these things. I love the old creeds, not so much for what they say as for what they try to say,—the old liturgies for the Holy Spirit that they embody, for the aroma of

faith that lingers about them, — the great Christian Festivals and the one Christian Fast for the stupendous facts which they commemorate ; but, after all, the Lord is to me a Spirit, wrought into our being and character, and the only saving baptism is the answer of a good conscience toward God, the baptism of the Spirit. The true prayer, whether out of the book or without the book, is the voice of the Spirit. Walk in the Spirit, and you shall walk together, and you shall walk heavenward, — in the old paths, if the old are better in new paths, if the new are better, but in any case heavenward.

CHRIST THE TRUTH.

BY E. F. FULLER.

THE truth he witnessed, Jesus was,
 No truth, without him, we possess.
 He left his glory for the cause
 Of truth, to save the soul and bless.

What is the truth ? once Pilate cried, —
 The question of his life was that ;
 Yet, carelessly, ere Christ replied,
 In his false judgment-seat he sat.

What is the truth ? Our fleeting days
 Are full of vanity and lies.
 What is the truth ? Our hope betrays
 The yearning heart, and bliss denies.

What is the truth ? This question asks
 The world of change, in which we live ;
 And consciousness the reason tasks ;
 And all is interrogative.

Love echoed through the universe,
 We hear, What is the truth ? resound ;
 And nothing can the doubt disperse,
 Until the truth in Christ is found.

THE LAW AND CONDITION OF PREFERMENT IN
THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.*

BY JAMES W. THOMPSON, D. D.

Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant. — MATT. XX. 27.

THIS great law and condition of preferment in the kingdom of Christ was put into definite statement by Jesus, upon the occasion of an ambitious mother — mistaking altogether the nature of the kingdom he was going to establish — making request that her two sons might receive the highest positions in its government. Primarily, the statement was a rebuke to that kind of ambition, — that worldly self-seeking; but beyond this, it enunciates a *new rule of life*, which is one of the most striking features of Christianity, and which was abundantly illustrated by Christ's own example. His example interprets the rule, "even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." The highest places in the New Kingdom belong not to those who covet distinction above their fellows, but to those who renounce all thought of that, and devote whatever they possess of faculty and means to making other people better and happier, more comfortable in outward condition, more strong and true, beautiful and good, in inward state. They have the chief places, for they are most like that Son of God who came into the world, not to be made its idol and to grasp its honors; not to be greeted and cheered by its hosannas, but to bless it by healing its diseases, by ministering to its immortal cravings, by going before it and leading it in the way of life eternal.

This rule of life involves an important truth, — the truth, I mean, that in the sight of God the highest thing in man is not the special form of his faith, not his simple integrity, not even his piety, — however indispensable each of these may be, — but his disposition to serve his fellow-men; in other words, *benevolence of heart manifested in corresponding deeds; that*

* Preached on the Sunday following the death of James P. Walker.

is the highest thing in Christ's kingdom, — the benevolence which seeks to *serve* in opposition to the selfishness which seeks to *be served*. "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

This is plain enough; the meaning cannot be misunderstood. And it settles, or ought to settle, the question forever, *what it is to be a Christian* in the inmost sense of the word. If we judge men who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus by any other rule, we are in danger of misjudging them, either by according to them a pre-eminence which does not belong to them, or by withholding from them the honor which is their due.

The truth involved in this rule admits of universal application, and by it every man must be judged. Nay, by it we are judged already. The question it asks of each one who would learn what is his real place in the New Kingdom is, What hast thou done, what art thou doing, to strengthen, to comfort, and support, or in any way to bless, thy fellow-men, this human family, or any child that belongs to it? And the question it authorizes us to ask concerning others is, not what ecclesiastical name they bear, nor what church they commune with, nor how many articles there are in their creed, nor how often they go to "confession," nor how many religious exercises they engage in daily or weekly, but, What are these persons in their relations to their fellow-men, — what is the influence of their lives, of their word, spirit, example, upon the community in which they live, upon its great interests social, moral, religious? Are they doing good or evil? Are they bane or blessing? Do they help or hinder improvement and the increase of virtue, love, and truth amongst their brethren? Are they serving, or only demanding to be served?

The decision as to one's place in the Christian fellowship turns mainly upon this point, and it is really the only point about which one need be greatly concerned. Other things may modify *man's* judgment. We are affected, more or less, by another's standing, by his professions, by the church he belongs to, by what he does or fails to do in the visible offices of worship. But before God in the grand assizes, the final

and conclusive question is, What is he to others? What is he as a parent to his children, as a neighbor to his neighbors, as a disciple of Jesus to the church of which he is a member? Are his dispositions benevolent? Is he ready to minister according to his ability to the relief of human misery, whether it exist in the dark and stifled abodes of poverty, where it takes on its most repulsive aspect, or in habitations to which no material good is wanting, but in which there are aching hearts struggling with grievous discontents, or intensely yearning for the sympathy of those who have been quickened by God's grace into the fruition of his unquenchable love? What effort is he ready to make, not alone amongst the obscure and outwardly wretched, — the class which calls most loudly for succor, — but, also, in his own household, and in the circle of his most cherished friends, where all the instincts of nature coincide with the demands of duty, — what is he willing to do *there* in order to bring in a little more sunlight, or to awaken a new pleasure, and a deeper sense of the privilege of living, though it be but for a short period of time upon this bountiful earth and in the midst of so many benefits? What sacrifices is he willing to make in order to give to the truth which is to regenerate the world wider sweep and a more commanding sway, or to fold the sheep and lambs of Christ's flock where they may go in and out and find pasture?

Questions like these indicate the dividing line between the followers of Christ who are such in reality, in deed and in truth, whatever their superficial errors and still uncorrected faults, and those who are such merely in form and profession, or perhaps not even in that, but only in name. It is the very line which Jesus himself drew in his wonderful picture of the nations of the earth summoned before God, to receive their recompenses and retributions, wherein, they on the one side are hailed as God's blessed children, and welcomed into the joy of their Lord, whilst those on the opposite side are sent away, condemned to the base companionship of evil spirits worse than themselves, — a picture which is a most vivid and impressive representation of the radical principle

of Christianity. For it is everywhere implied in the Gospel that "if one love not his brother whom he hath seen, he cannot love God whom he hath not seen." Everywhere, from beginning to end of the New Testament, it is affirmed that the love which shows itself in deeds of help and strength and gladness, in labors that look to the greater comfort of those on whom any blow or blight has fallen, in words or endearments which charm away the consuming cares that fall, more or less, to every one's lot, and which give even an hour's brightness, where otherwise there would be an hour of loneliness and gloom, — that this "love is the fulfilling of the law." Friends, in all the universe of God, there is nothing higher than that! Mark how eloquent Paul grows in speaking of it. He was not the man to undervalue the gift of "faith," — that mysterious power which grasps things invisible and eternal and holds them as the grandest of all realities, — that power which, soaring "beyond the flaming bounds of space and time," pauses not in its majestic flight till it folds its wing in the heaven of heavens and beneath the very shadow of the Eternal Throne. Nor was it in him to depreciate that wealth of "knowledge," to the production of which so many mysteries have yielded up their secrets; nor that fidelity to conscience which gives the "body to be burned" rather than disobey its behests; nor that blessed "hope" which holds over the dread abyss where life comes to its earthly close a torch to illuminate the steps that lead up to the gates of the Heavenly City. No, no word in their disparagement could have fallen from his lips. Yet, in his view, what is "knowledge," though it understand all mysteries, and be able to use the speech of angels; what is "faith," though it embrace the highest truth and "remove mountains;" what is "hope," though it irradiate the mind with foregleams of that eternal day over which no tempest ever breaks, no cloud ever lingers, — what are these, I say, in his estimation? Great, no doubt, each in itself, and scarcely to be prized too highly. But there was one thing far greater, one thing without which they were nothing worth, one thing greatest of all, — *the charity that never faileth*, the LOVE which is never weary in well-doing!

There is no grace equal to that, nothing so radiant in the face of Jesus Christ, nothing in the heart of God that so draws to him the soul of men and angels. "If any man will be chief among you, let him be the servant of all."

And, my friends, this rule of life is not temporary and local, but a permanent and universal law of moral beings. We do not escape from it by changing circumstances, nor by going out of the world. There is a "rest" indeed, but not from its operation. There is no point of attainment at which it begins to relax its demand. Nay, the higher you ascend in the scale of being, the wider becomes the field of benevolent activity, and the more imperative is felt to be the obligation to occupy it. The greater you become in the New Kingdom, the more you have to do, the more work the Spirit lays out for you. If you go up to saintship, the true saint is no drone and no recluse, but a quickening spirit, a healing, transforming, saving power in his generation. The noblest saint here below has the deepest interest in the well-being of his fellow-men, and the highest among the "just made perfect" are they who are most eagerly intent on ministries of redeeming mercy. In what lower spheres, where spirits kindred in nature are undergoing the discipline and receiving the tuition requisite for their entrance into a brighter mansion of the Father's house, they exercise themselves in that charity which "suffereth long and is kind" and which "seeketh not her own," it were, perhaps, vain to indulge in confident conjecture. But the coming of the Son of God upon the earth to clear away its darkness, to lift up them that are crushed beneath its grinding sins and miseries, "to heal the broken-hearted," to pour the light of infinite mercy upon despairful eyes, and to open the gates of immortality to them that are in the valley and shadow of death,—the Son of God making himself of no reputation and taking the form of a servant, ministering to others and giving his life a ransom for many,—ay, for more than we know or can number,—his appearance here, I say, to seek and save the lost may be taken, it seems to me, as an earnest that wherever in God's universe there are needy, hungering, sin-sick, suffering souls,

they are not overlooked or forgotten, and that in due time they will be reached and ministered unto by some of the countless multitude whose ambition can only be to win new glory and accessions of life by new and self-denying service in behalf of their brethren.

And, my friends, I carry this thought still farther. What hinders that we should extend it even to Him who is the Head and Summit of all being? If the higher we ascend in the scale of spiritual life the larger the field and the greater the urgency of the service to which we are called, how shall it be with Him who is so high that there is nothing higher? "My Father worketh hitherto," said Jesus; there has been no rest to him, and there is no limit to the field in which his benevolent activity displays itself. His ministry extends to every creature from the least to the greatest, from the crawling worm to man created in his own image; and all the laboratories of earth and sky are kept busy for the purposes of that ministry. All nature is tributary to it. The changing seasons, the soil and the sunbeams, the winds and the clouds, and that mighty providence we adore "in each event of life," are but its varied expression. And this it is which brings the highest created natures into correlation and sympathy with the Uncreated, while it inspires that calm confidence in the fatherly goodness and mercy of God which no vicissitudes, however fearful, can shake; for "never did any spend himself in the service of others, and yet despair of the benignity of God."

When we search for examples of that distinguishing Christian characteristic of which I have been speaking, either in the world or in the church, we find them not numerous.

There are many, indeed, in whom outlines and little beginnings of it may be discerned, like the incipient features of beauty which the mother discovers in her babe; and from these much of the best work of society proceeds. But this is not spontaneous with them. It has to be drawn out of them by others, or else by a more or less painful process of self-compulsion. A large proportion of the benevolent enterprises of the Christian world are sustained chiefly by the efforts of

the reluctant class, — of those to whom doing good has not yet become an easy law, a second nature. But these always require leaders more advanced than themselves, — leaders thoroughly kindled, completely controlled, by the great principle of Christian service, and whose “meat it is to do the will of God” in all the humanities of society, in all the charities of life. Such a leader, pre-eminently, you all know, was our beloved fellow-laborer JAMES P. WALKER. He drew the timid, the irresolute, the half-persuaded, after him by an irresistible attraction. That attraction was in his beaming eye, in his sweet face, in his persuasive voice, in his consistent example; but first of all, it was in his noble and generous heart. Once brought within its range, once touched by it, it was hard even for him who most sturdily resisted its influence to escape from it; whilst those who saw how benign was its power easily yielded to it in spite of original misgivings. In him the distinguishing Christian characteristic to which the text has drawn our attention to-day was as fully developed as in any man I have ever known; and it “wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, removed mountains,” by its own force alone. It was the determining power of his life; and all his faculties, all his affections, domestic, social, religious, were yoked to it or rather revolved with it as beautiful and brilliant satellites around their central orb, docile and obedient to its law. So that it required no urging to bring him up to the point of deciding that he would lend his aid and influence to the furtherance of a good undertaking. There was no balancing in him between duty and inclination, no hesitation, no lingering on the point of a timid doubt; but the decision was made for him at once in the very bent of his mind, in the relation of his ideas and sentiments to his will, in the consecrated genius of the man, nay, in “the fulness of Christ” of which he was possessed.

This disposition appeared in little things as well as great, — in joining in the games and ministering to the pleasures of children; in assisting in the social entertainments and diversions of the older members of society, as well as in the

graver duties of the church, the Sunday-school room, and even of the pulpit. He declined no labor that was ready to be put upon him, even though with existing burdens he was heavy-laden and weary. It was no slight addition to his cares which he cheerfully consented to take when, with especial reference to the supply of the pulpit during my late absence from the country, he was made chairman of your parish committee; and it was a still greater task to which, at an earlier period, he gave his already overworked energies when he accepted the difficult and laborious position of a member of the school committee, although both these were offices to the duties of which there were special adaptations in the peculiar quality of his mind and heart. If he could do any good,—if there was a work to be done which contemplated humane or specially Christian results, a work of succor to the friendless, of care for the orphan, of instruction to the ignorant, an educating, uplifting, Christianizing work, he was one of those who might be counted on to aid in carrying it forward without waiting to ask him. It was known in advance that he was as much to be depended on as though he had been formally pledged. Indeed, one might say he *was* pledged in the very character of the man; and he could no more refuse than the deep river can refuse to run in its appointed channel or the sun to lighten the world.

It was this distinguishing characteristic which gave to him that influence, that moral supremacy, in his special department of Christian activity which all confessed, and in virtue of which he led us, almost without our knowing it, into paths of duty, into the tillage-fields of the gospel, into the pleasant pastures, where good shepherds feed the "lambs" and the "sheep" of the Lord's flock. By this alone he became "chief" among us. And what was it in his instruction of the young in the Sunday-school that more than anything else was the point of his teaching? It was this: that it is better to give than to receive, to minister than to be ministered unto, to seek to make others happy than to consult every one their own pleasure. It was the one domi-

nant desire of his heart, in respect to the Sunday-school that it should be a fountain with little rills flowing out in all directions to refresh and make green waste and desolate places; that it should be a little mission-society in which all self-regards should be merged and lost in a sweet and loving zeal to aid and bless and train to goodness other less favored children. While he lived, this might have been thought extravagant praise. But now that he is dead, and his life passes in review before our sorrowing hearts, and we begin to see what we have lost, it seems but the tamest eulogy.

I can call to mind but few laymen, nay, I know not where to look for *one*, who in his relations to our branch of the Christian Church, and simply as a Christian worker, held a higher position, or was in the way of exerting a wider and more healthful influence than he at the time of his death. And this he had achieved, let it be well remembered, by the simple power of his character. For he had no advantages that were not purely of a moral kind, no wealth, none but a common-school education in his youth, no influential relations, no marked success in his chosen pursuit, nothing, in short, but good talents, a refined taste, gentlemanly manners, and a certain native goodness, cultivated and developed under the fostering influence of a manly and thoroughly Christian purpose early formed, and of the disciplinary circumstances of his life, into a rounded, complete, and beautiful character, with the great principle "whosoever will be chief among you let him be the servant of all," as its illuminating, guiding, permeating force. It has been said by one who had a generous and admiring appreciation of him that "in religion he was certainly a Radical." This, I think, is a mistake. Radical he may have been in the etymological sense of the word in many things, but he was not "*a* Radical." He did not identify himself with that class of religionists, though many belonging to it were dearly loved by him as friends, and he was in favor of a Church broad enough to include them, if they chose to be in it. Far be it from me to claim him as a conservative of the Old School. This would be as wide from the truth as the other assignment of him.

He was a Liberal *Christian*, with the emphasis where I have placed it. He loved the name of Christ, and hesitated not to call him "Lord and Master." As he himself followed him, so he held him up to others, as Light and Guide and Inspiration. His Spirit was sought, and the might and glory of his influence devoutly acknowledged in his public prayers; and no guest at the Lord's Supper was more constant, or bore himself more humbly, or entered more heartily into the meaning, the deep life, of that memorial feast.

But with his theological position I have no concern except to vindicate it against a possibly injurious misapprehension. His character, his Christian work, and love of it, the Christian motive and principle by which he was governed through life, the Christian spirit which shone through him radiant and immortal, — these are what he has left behind him, his legacy sealed by a love stronger than death to his family; his legacy, also, to us and to our children; an unspotted life consecrated by a supreme desire to follow Jesus in the spirit in which "he came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many." God grant that the legacy may become ours by an inward possession, and entering into the secret springs of our being, exert an abiding influence upon our lives commensurate, at least, with that which his personal presence wrought. God grant that, though dead, he may speak to us with the added effect of one who having passed within the veil of Immortality knows by a blessed experience that "glory, honor, and peace" are the sure portion of "every man that worketh good."

THE surest means of acquiring a conviction of a life after death is so to act in this life that we can venture to wish for another. He who feels that if there is a God, he must look down graciously upon him, will not be disturbed by arguments *against* his being, and needs none for it. He who has sacrificed so much for virtue that he looks for recompense in a future life needs no proof of the reality of such a life; — he does not *believe* in it, he *feels* it.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND MR. TYNG.

BY S. G. BULFINCH, D. D.

THE attention of the public has lately been drawn, in an unusual degree, toward the Episcopal Church, its position, and its claims. The circumstances which have attracted that attention have been unfortunate, and the judgment of other denominations far from favorable. It has long been known that there existed within "the Church" — as its members are accustomed to designate it — a deep-seated difference of opinion; but this difference has, until recently, been held in check by mutual forbearance. Now, however, the views of the respective parties appear to have attained more full development, while the obligations of charity and courtesy have lost something of their restraining power. An occurrence, apparently accidental in its origin, has brought distinguished members of the two parties into open collision; church discipline, invoked to correct an irregularity, has increased instead of allaying the excitement; and fears of a permanent division of the denomination are entertained by many of its members.

A young clergyman of eminent ability — the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., of New York City — was requested by one of his parishioners to visit him at his summer residence, in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and to officiate in a Methodist church in that place, to which his entertainer had been a liberal patron. The invitation was seconded by the Methodist clergyman. Mr. Tyng accepted it, apparently without thought of interference with the rights of others. But the two Episcopal clergymen of New Brunswick viewed the matter in a different light. A note, in terms sufficiently courteous, was handed to Mr. Tyng, expressing their protest and that of the bishop of New Jersey, against his proposed action. Mr. Tyng disregarded the protest, and carried out his intention. For this, a complaint was entered against him, on the ground that he had violated a canon of the Church, which forbids any minister to officiate within the parish of another without his permission. The canon also prescribes

that, as far as this regulation is concerned, the parish of a minister shall be understood to be the city or town in which he officiates; and that where there are two or more Episcopal churches, the consent of a majority of their pastors shall be requisite.

At the trial of Mr. Tyng, it was pointed out by his counsel that the rule was one as often neglected as observed, while in large cities its observance was impossible; in New York, for instance, where clergymen from other places frequently officiate in the numerous Episcopal churches, without the leave of any but the individual ministers whose place they supply. Mr. Tyng, however, was found guilty, and sentenced to be publicly admonished, — a sentence which was carried into effect by the bishop under circumstances considered by Mr. Tyng and his friends as peculiarly aggravating, such as its great publicity and the presence of policemen. These circumstances, however, appear differently, as explained by the opposite party. The bishop's address contained expressions of good-will, but would have been more conciliatory and more impressive, had it been much more brief. The venerable Dr. Tyng, the father of the respondent and one of his counsel, read an eloquent protest, while the bishop and his clergy, as if unaware that he was speaking, went on reading prayers. Each party of course throws upon the other the blame due to this indecorous scene. A meeting was immediately held, of persons who approved the course of Mr. Tyng, including some eminent clergymen; and the young minister himself, in a published letter to the bishop, denies the justice of his sentence, and repudiates its authority.

The non-episcopalian public, beholding these proceedings with amazement and indignation, has yet been at a loss to understand them. The general impression is that the offence for which Mr. Tyng was censured was that of preaching in a Methodist place of worship, thus endorsing the Christian character and respectable standing of the denomination whose hospitality he accepted. Another common impression is that the Episcopal Church, by a canon defining the limits of their parishes as co-extensive with the cities where they are

located, claims jurisdiction over other Christian bodies. Both these views are distinctly repudiated by the authorities of the Episcopal Church. Bishop Potter, in his admonitory address, says that Mr. Tyng might have preached in a Methodist meeting-house without blame, had it been where his preaching did not interfere with the rights of a brother minister; and with regard to the second supposition, his language is as follows:—

“The canon law of this Church is for the ministers and people of this Church, and has no relation whatever to the ministers and people of other religious bodies. To say that the literal, natural, and usual interpretation of the canon in question, ascribing to the two ministers of this Church in New Brunswick a jurisdiction over the whole of that city, *for the purposes of the canon*, is to claim for them an absolute jurisdiction over all the people and over all the religious houses of that city, is to say something so flagrantly unreasonable and unfounded, that only persons who wish to be deceived can be deceived by it.” Thus, too, the court whose sentence he was carrying out had declared, “While our Church claims no jurisdiction over, and undertakes no legislation for bodies of professing Christians other than her own, yet in every place her own ministers are subject to her authority and amenable to her laws.” It is but justice to our Episcopalian brethren to notice their direct repudiation of the invidious claims that have been imputed to them.

And yet we must say that the repudiation of these claims leaves the whole affair extremely difficult to understand. We cannot perceive that, if no exclusive sanctity be claimed, Mr. Tyng interfered at all with the Episcopal clergymen of New Brunswick. He preached in a different building from theirs, and to a different congregation. If a few of their parishioners were led by curiosity to leave their own church for a single Sunday, their churches, on the other hand, might gain by the favorable impression made on others who should hear the Episcopal service, and listen to the words of the attractive young preacher. The real harm done was nothing,—or would have been nothing, but for the interference of the rec-

tors with Mr. Tyng. But we are told, and we admit the truth, that the breaking of a law is of itself a great evil. Still, the law was differently construed by different persons; and in the construction placed upon it by the rectors, it was nearly obsolete; one of them broke it that very day, in its letter, by exchanging with a minister in the city of New York, without asking leave of a majority of the clergymen in that city. It might, indeed, have been prudent and courteous in Mr. Tyng to refrain from an act against which two of his brethren protested, especially as they adduced also the authority of their bishop; but the protest came late; the arrangement had been already made, and Mr. Tyng felt bound to fulfil it, at once by his own promise and by his duty as a Christian minister. Then, too, it is the dictate, not only of manly spirit, but of duty, not to yield to an unjust claim. For Mr. Tyng to have yielded, would have given a precedent to establish that as the correct understanding of the canon which he regarded as incorrect and oppressive. Under these circumstances, it appears to us that if he did wrong at all, his error was of the most venial kind,—a mistake, rather than a transgression; and the prosecution, the trial, the sentence, and the reprimand would appear utterly unintelligible, but for the existence of that party division in the Church which alone could give to Mr. Tyng's action an aspect offensive to the neighboring Episcopal clergymen.

Had the congregations of those clergymen been trained to consider all Christian denominations as their equals, in conformity to the words of Jesus, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren"? If so, the incident of an Episcopalian minister preaching in their neighborhood was of no importance to them, whether it took place in an Episcopalian or in a Methodist church, in a court-house or a school-house. But if they had been taught to regard their own buildings alone as truly consecrated, their own ministers alone as really ordained, their own children alone as baptized, and themselves alone as "the Church," while other bodies of Christians were but "sects," then did the action of Mr. Tyng acquire a meaning, subversive of all this fabric of exclusive-

ness, and thereby endangering the influence of the ministers who had been carefully building it up among them. We believe Bishop Potter spoke the literal truth when he said to Mr. Tyng, "You are not censured for preaching the Gospel in another religious edifice than one expressly devoted to the use of this Church." The canon which Mr. Tyng was accused of violating said nothing about church edifices. And yet we can perceive no sufficient cause for the revival and enforcement of that canon, long unused, unless it was the apparent recognition by Mr. Tyng of the Methodist church as a consecrated place, and the Methodist clergyman as a brother minister.

We do not deny, that Mr. Tyng might possibly have done better. When he received the protest of his brethren, he might have replied, expressing his regret that he should be thought to interfere with them, and disclaiming any such purpose, but stating that he understood the canon differently from them, and that it was now his plain duty to fulfil his engagement. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and had such a reply been made, the world, probably, would never have heard of the case. It is easy, however, after a thing has been done, and its consequences have appeared, to say how those consequences might have been avoided by a different course. At the time, it might naturally appear to Mr. Tyng that the best thing he could do with regard to what he deemed improper interference was to take no notice of it.

Our brethren of the Episcopal Church must not be surprised if the world judges their conduct in this instance, not merely by the words of their canon, but by the claims which they have, of late years, been too fond of advancing. Such a claim we found lately thus expressed in an Episcopalian paper, the Hartford "Churchman" of Jan. 18th: "With this there is the feeling that the 'Protestant Episcopal Church' can no longer work as it has worked hitherto. It is the Holy Catholic Church in the United States or nothing." "The Churchmen of the present day are working for the possession of Young America. The vision of a Catholic religion in America is before them, and they are endeavoring, some in

one way and some in another, to realize it." So far as this means earnest, manly, devoted work to advance the cause of religion, as they understand it, we are far from objecting to it; we applaud and wish them God speed. "The vision of a Catholic religion in America" is before us also,—of a religion in which, though divisions may continue, and some have bishops and liturgies, while others do without them, all shall work together in mutual respect, fraternal harmony, and devoted love and reverence to their heavenly Father; and to us the prospect is much more pleasing than would be the mediæval dead level of one all-absorbing denomination, excluding all freedom of thought, and all variety of taste. But whether their ideal or ours be the true one, it is not realized yet. There are many denominations in the land, and the claim of any one of them to be "Catholic" is simply the claim of a part to be the whole.

When, shortly after the Revolutionary War, the Episcopalian denomination adopted measures for its independent organization, it occupied a position singularly advantageous, and it used its advantages with practical good sense, and in a patriotic, republican, American spirit; let us say more, with true Christian "meekness of wisdom." It did not claim to be the whole. It took the modest title of "the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States." Happily delivered from that alliance with the state, and that dependence on the patronage and subjection to the claims of wealthy families, which are the glittering but corrupting inheritance of the English Church, it was able, also, to purge its prayer-book from the intolerance and self-contradictions of the Athanasian creed. That its bishops received consecration from English prelates, was a pleasing incident, as it was an interchange of Christian courtesy between citizens of two countries recently at war. In this sense it was promoted by the Congregational Unitarian, John Adams, then our Minister at the English court. It was to be regretted, however, so far as it seemed to substitute that consecration of a form which could sanctify a Roderic Borgia for the consecration of the Spirit that sanctified a Watts and a Doddridge. But in the venerable White

and his associates, both consecrations were united; and the "Protestant Episcopal Church" stood forth, an honored member of the great family of Christian Churches in the land.

A portion — we fear the majority — of the clergy of that Church are now seeking to change that position. Their Church must be all or nothing. They claim the name of Catholic, regardless of the double objection, that it belongs to all Christians alike, and that if any one sect could appropriate it, it is due to the high antiquity and overwhelming numbers of the Romish communion. In forms of worship, too, there is a tendency, not only to return to England, but to approximate towards Rome. Such seems to be the spirit of the High Church party. On the other side are those who, with purpose clearer and more distinctly avowed than ever before, would bring their Church into harmony with the liberal and active spirit of the age, and with the institutions and the feelings of their own country; would own their fellow-Christians of other denominations as equals and associates in all good works; and while loving their own order, both of government and of worship, would regard nothing as of supreme importance but the glory of God, and the good of mankind. Honor to their spirit, and success to their efforts! May Christian moderation even yet interpose to prevent a schism in the Church, whose venerable and graceful liturgy harmonizes so well with the high culture of her clergy; and may her ambition be hereafter, not to stand apart from other Christian bodies in a spirit of assuming exclusiveness, but to attract their love by her humility, and excite their emulation by her good works.

To truth I solemnly devote myself at my first entrance into public life. Without respect of party or of reputation, I shall always *acknowledge* that to be truth which I recognize as such, come whence it may, and never acknowledge that which I do not believe. —FICHTE.

THE CRY FROM CRETE FOR HUMAN SYMPATHY.*

THOSE who read the daily and weekly prints are made aware that a cruel war is going on in the island of Crete attended with great suffering and wrong; that efforts have been made and are making in New England to give them relief; that a fair has been held in the city of Boston for this purpose, with contributions from various parts of New England. The subject is fraught with very great historic interest, and appeals to the sympathies of every benevolent mind. We shall best understand the wants of their cause by inquiring, —

Who are the Cretans ?

What is the oppression under which they suffer ?

What is the aid which they ask ?

The Greeks have never lost their identity or their characteristics as a people. The Peloponnesus, Attica with the lovely islands that gem the eastern portion of the Mediterranean Sea, are Greece still, — the same people whose cruel conflicts and final downfall are the great tragedy of history.

Crete is the largest and most important of the "Isles of Greece." It is to them what Cuba is to the other West India Islands. It is not so long as the State of Massachusetts, and has only about half as many square miles of surface. But all Attica was only a tenth as large as Massachusetts, yet played a larger part in ancient history than the latter has as yet done in modern.

Crete lies in the south-eastern part of the Mediterranean, and forms the natural southern frontier and bulwark of Greece proper. From east to west, a chain of rugged mountains rises precipitately from the plains to a great height. I saw the snow lying on the peaks of Mount Ida in July last,

* This article is not original, but a compilation principally from the appeal of Dr. Howe and the address of Mr. Wendell Phillips. We have only written the introductory sentences and such portions as serve to join our selections together so as to make a clear and continuous statement. We deemed this the best way to present the cause of the Cretans. We would say that our sympathies warmly respond to this most touching appeal. The first half of the article is mainly in the language of Dr. Howe, the latter part in the language of Mr. Phillips. — EDS.

while grapes and figs and luscious fruits were ripening in the few places left unscathed by fire and the axe.

Its climate is so mild, its skies so soft, its waters so sweet, its soil so rich, its productions so abundant, and all its natural conditions so favorable to human life and enjoyment, that the ancients called it "The Blessed."

It had once a hundred walled cities; it contained more than a million inhabitants, still was not full. Its checkered history furnishes a striking proof of the fact, that the happiness and interests of the peoples are apt to be utterly disregarded by absolute and irresponsible governments, of whatever kind.

In the palmy days of ancient Greece it was a republic; and its inhabitants have been, and still are, strongly democratic in their tendencies; but, in the tumultuous times which followed the downfall of the Grecian republics, its exposed situation between Europe, Asia, and Africa laid it open to invaders; and the piratical Sicilians, the filibustering Romans, and the marauding Saracens each in turn seized it, plundered it, and misruled it.

Greece, with her lovely islands, including Crete, had become Christian by the end of the third century, and formed an important part of the Byzantine or Eastern Roman Empire. But Greece, with her islands, at the fall of that empire in 1453, passed under the rule of the Turks who invaded Western Europe from Asia.

The Greeks have a religion which, though disfigured by superstition, still preserves the essential features of Christianity, and elevates and strengthens them, while the Turks have a religion which degrades and enfeebles them. The Greeks strengthened the ties of family,—of kith and kin; the Turks weakened all theirs. The Greeks sanctified the marriage relation by monogamy; the Turks polluted it by polygamy. The Greeks were reticent and chaste; the Turks, loose and licentious. The Greeks were industrious and thrifty; the Turks, lazy and wasteful. If the Turk seized property by violence, he demoralized himself and his race, but could not take from the Greeks the faculty of acquiring

more. The very violence of oppression defeated its own end, and engendered hatred and fear, which intensified the antagonism arising out of difference of race, language, and religion. This antagonism prevented any material amalgamation, and helped here, as elsewhere, to perpetuate with more remarkable purity the old Greek blood, which has never been so adulterated as to have lost its native characteristics.

The Turkish rule was oppressive and brutal. The Turk seized upon the most fertile lands, leaving the rest of the inhabitants, — not that they might live and thrive, but that they might earn money and pay tribute. The Greek peasants became secured in the rest of the land, but exposed to personal insult, humiliation, and violence. A struggle began, — a death-grapple between races, between Greeks and Turks, and in 1821 was sounded the trumpet of Greek independence. A war of seven years ensued, prosecuted on the part of the Turks with a brutality that outraged all the laws of civilized warfare. How that war was waged some of you may remember, and to cite no other instance, murdered Scio can best witness. That prosperous, fruitful, and happy island, with some 150,000 inhabitants, herself quiet and neutral, was visited by about two or three thousand patriots, and some resistance was made to Turkish law, upon which the Turks let loose upon the island an army of some fifteen or twenty thousand men, and in one or two months but 900 living human beings of that population of 150,000 were left upon the island; 40,000 women and children were sold into slavery, to be made the victims of Turkish cruelty and lust. The rest were butchered on their own hearths.

This was the spirit in which that seven years' war was carried on. Their villages were burned, their fields ravaged, and not only combatants taken prisoners of war, but women, and children were massacred by the thousand. The hearts of our American people were touched with pity, not only because they were our fellow-beings, but our fellow-Christians, and they sent them supplies. Dr. Howe was the bearer of them. He went to Greece during its revolution, — we think about 1824, — bearing tokens of American sympathy when

Greece seemed sunk in ruin and despair. The effect was marvellous: not only were thousands fed and clad, but the report thereof went abroad, and was magnified an hundred-fold; and men said, "Courage; hold on to your arms: help is at hand! Far-off republican America is coming to our aid!" And they held on.

As in the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the godlike virtue of Him who brake the bread gave to it power to fill the multitude; so the love and good-will of the American people filled the hearts of the Greeks with courage and hope.

They held out two years more; and I hesitate not to say — says Dr. Howe, for I was there all the time to see, and had become as one of them — that the American supplies did more than any one thing to keep up the courage of the people, and lengthen out their struggle for independence.

At the end of two years, the Christian world had become so shocked by the persistence of a semi-barbarous Mahometan power to subjugate a Christian people even in Europe, that the governments of France, England, and Russia were forced to send a large fleet to the scene of warfare, and to insist on a pacification.

The independence of Greece was thus guaranteed by the Allied Powers. But strange to say Crete, although she had suffered, fought, and bled in this terrible struggle, was now left out in the cold — for some reasons of European diplomacy pertaining to "the balance of power."

So the Cretans have now retreated to the mountains, while their wives and children are fleeing from the island to the Continent. Dr. Howe went again to carry relief to the sufferers in this second struggle for Greek independence. He found twelve thousand of the fugitives in Continental Greece, — women and children, crowded in barracks, starving, and nearly naked. In spite of all their penury, squalor, and rags, they showed signs of the physical beauty and mental vivacity which distinguish the Cretans among the Greeks, who are acknowledged to be pre-eminent, physically, among the various nationalities of the East. Fine skins, delicate features

and limbs, and large, lustrous eyes made them remarkable even in Greece.

Most of these unfortunate people had fled away at the outbreak of the revolt; but others were coming in continually as the Turkish army extended its ravages. They were all of them living witnesses of the barbarous nature of Turkish warfare, for people do not abandon house and home, and fly half naked before the approach of armies warring after the manner of civilized nations. Even the Polish peasant did not thus fly before Russian armies; and the only parallel is to be found among barbarians, or savages on our own frontier.

These people came of a simple race of peasantry, and had been brought up in the villages and hamlets of the interior of Crete, where they had their little cottages, their lands, their olives, their vineyards, and their flocks; and, being sober, industrious, and frugal, contrived to be comfortable in spite of the exaction and social oppression of the Turks, while their isolated situation and purely agricultural habits saved them from some of the vices which characterize Greeks less favorably situated, and bring undue discredit upon the whole people.

The moral condition of the refugees was such as would be expected of such a people; they were chaste, sober, frugal, and withal self-respectful.

The allied powers proceeded to arrange the boundaries, and shocked all Greece when they declared that Crete should be left out of the new kingdom and given over to the Turks.

The Cretans had been a long time in revolt. They had taken and they held one of the strongest fortifications. The inhabitants had indeed abandoned much of the open country, and retreated to the mountain-range of the interior, where the brave Sphakiotes maintained their independence, and kept the flag of Greece flying.

The Cretans everywhere shared the dangers and the struggles of the other Greeks, and were distinguished for patriotism and good sense.

I knew hundreds of them, — good men and true. I had

been in their beautiful island, and stood a siege with them in one of their beleaguered fortresses, and witnessed their courage. I knew that the independence of Crete was just as well assured by the result at Navarino as that of any part of Greece. Giving up the Cretans, therefore, to the Turks, seemed to me then as unrighteous and cruel as seems now the proposal to give up the negroes who fought with us and for us to the dominion of their old masters, without even a ballot-box for defence.

But Greece was forced to disarm ; she was utterly at the mercy of the Allied Powers ; and Crete was given over, bound hand and foot, to her enemies and her old oppressors.

The Cretans have suffered ever since all the indignities and wrongs and barbarous oppression which Christian subjects of Turkey always suffer when they live so remote from the capital that even the little protection which the Porte affords cannot reach them. At last they have revolted, and have maintained a struggle at fearful odds, but gallantly and successfully, for several months.

They have been driven at last from the open country ; their towns have been destroyed, their villages burned, their fields ravaged, their olive-groves and vineyards cut down or pulled up : and so it is the old story over again. I see them now, the sons of my old companions, in their snowy camise and their shaggy capotes, saying sadly, " Good-by, mother ! good-by, sister and child ! Seek your refuge in the neighboring isles, upon the main, wherever the hand of Christian mercy can aid you : we go to the mountains to keep the flag of freedom flying so long as we live."

Dr. Howe distributed last year among these people relief to the value of fifty thousand dollars. Still the women and children are fleeing in thousands from the oppressed island, where husbands and fathers are maintaining the struggle ; forty thousand have now fled from the island. They come down to the shores — these women and children — out of caves and fastnesses, and ask the first friendly vessel to take them away and save them from starvation, or worse yet, from Turkish cruelty and lust. The Cretan men in their for-

tresses ask for bread for their wives and children, and shelter for them from extermination while they fight the battle for independence.

In the recent convent fight at Arkàdi, six hundred Cretans, — men, women, and children, — cooped within the walls of a convent, were assailed by ten thousand troops. When the battle had at last broken through the outer wall, it was sustained for six hours, hand to hand, in the yard of the convent. When the time came finally for the decision, death or submission, knowing well that out from under that Greek flag no living soul would pass, they themselves applied the match to the magazine, and went to heaven; while three thousand of their opponents went to their graves. A man is not obliged thus to die with wife and child rather than to submit to the conditions of civilized war. The Greek saw his wife and child on each side of him. It was not war he was waging, when, by surrendering his sword, he might be himself a prisoner, and their lives be saved. He was fighting, hand to hand, with pirates, *enemies of the human race*. The survivors the brothers, the sons, the fathers, of those men come to us, and say, "We can fight; but let us fight as civilized man fights, putting only our own lives on the hazard. Do not let us fight with the lives of wife and children hanging on the issue of the battle. Give us shelter, as Christendom has recognized warfare for a thousand years, — shelter and bread for woman and child." And, with such a history, this is all the Cretan asks of America. Shall he have it? Will we do for this last gallant resistance of the Greek what our fathers did for the Morea? Will we, in this better opportunity, one so likely to open the whole Levant to Christianity and civilization, one so likely to make the Turk fold up his tent like the Arab, and silently glide from Europe, — will we hold up the hands of civilized warfare by rendering it impossible that the Turk should be a brute and a barbarian?

That is the question. And to help decide that question, Dr. Howe has returned to us and makes a fresh appeal. To help decide that question, contributions are now made. Only a mite from each of our New England population would swell

to a great sum, and its value would be increased a hundred-fold as bearing to those distressed people the soothing balm of Christian sympathy, and sympathy alone strongly and freely expressed will help to swell that tide of public sentiment which will demand of Christian governments to intervene again and save these people from extermination.

We owe a mighty debt to Greece. Christian civilization is a threefold band. We owe to the Jew the form and structure of our faith, to the Goth and the Saxon many precious elements and safeguards of civil life; all the rest — art, literature, science, law, diplomacy, and forms of government — we inherit from the classic storehouse of Greece and Rome. If they did not invent all, they improved and preserved for us the general wealth of the race. But for Greece, all would have been lost. It was at a Grecian shrine that Rome herself lighted that torch which flashed from the topmost of her battlements, "till the shores of three continents grew bright in its blaze." If it was Rome's "car of triumph that smoothed the path for the naked feet of the gospel," we owe to Greece that marvellous tongue, thanks to which the gospel did not stammer in barbarous idioms. We live in the warmth of her art; we act in the light of her example. She gave us Thermopylæ; she gave us Athens. How shall we ever pay it back? Do not speak of gifts? Can a child, however rich, give anything to a parent? It is only debtor and creditor. Greece summons her debtors the world over to pay back a tithe, a mere percentage, of the incalculable benefit that her intellect, her law, her example, have been to Christianity and civilization. She will take her place again, under proper sympathy, by the side of Italy in the great sisterhood of states. She will dispel that cloud which has rested so long over Eastern Europe. She will contribute the ingenuity, the activity, the courage, the enthusiasm, the indomitable perseverance, of her race to the great cause of self-government. We win her back where she belongs, — into the ranks of constitutional government. We place her where the world needs her, — in the very van of Europe, to represent the best form of its civilization. She is strong enough in her own

sons, strong enough in her own determination, strong enough in her undying love of liberty. Missolonghi and Thermopylæ, they are not an iota nobler than the men who rally to-day in the mountains of Crete, with no sympathy from the world, with all Europe marshalled in appearance against them, and say, for the hundredth time, "One effort more to be men!" Every generation has brought up a holocaust of its young men and its best men to the altar of this undying determination to be free. Have they not at least won the right for America and civilization to rally around them, and save them from this horde of pirates, from this encampment of barbarians, from this law of extermination? Having thus made herself the complete sister of Northern and Western civilization, the outpost of their future, she rises again, in the universal checkmate of Europe, in the bankruptcy and utter decrepitude of Turkey, to say to the world, "Give me one chance more!" And to us she sends the message, "Take off the burden of wife and child, that I may fight without this sickening of the heart! Desolation carried from one end of the island to the other, so that no green thing can grow upon it! I can starve. Only give a shelter in your homes, and when they are there, bread, to wife and child, and I will give you back the East of Europe, the counterpart of the West."

THE LIVING CHRIST.

It is not the truth of Christ cut up into systems, cold, dry, severe, distorted, that the Church presents to her children, but a living, present, personal Christ, full of divine love, pity, wisdom, truth, grace. . . . It is the peace of Christ, not reserved as a special reward for frames and fancies and excited feelings; not imparted exclusively to those who, for some mystical reasons, can *believe* that they *believe* to the saving of the soul, and that, once believing, they can never fail. But a righteous peace, a peace of love and piety, breathes sweetly, gently upon all who, looking to Christ, and moving in his appointed way, devote themselves in humble sincerity, though in weakness, to the doing of his will, and in and through him to the working out their own salvation. — BISHOP H. POTTER.

THE BOOK OF TOBIT.

THIS apocryphal book has fallen into undeserved contempt in England and America. The most beautiful memorial of the Jewish life in the farther East about the time of the great Captivity, its object to fan the flame of national piety under peculiar trials, giving a complete picture of their domestic life beneath the harrow of persecution, almost every family relation is touched with peculiar grace, and an exquisite tenderness is thrown around the sorrows of the blind, poverty-stricken father, the parting of the faithful son, the anxious waiting of the parents, the joyful return of him they believed lost, the recovery of fortune through fidelity to the national God.

A heartily devout Jew of the tribe of Naphtali, carried into captivity by Shalmaneser, wins a favorable position at court for helping his afflicted brethren. As government purveyor, he amasses wealth, and besides practising generous hospitality and habitual alms-giving, he lends the princely sum of ten silver talents to a countryman in Media. By and by comes a change, not so sudden or severe as upon Job. Another sovereign who knew not this Joseph reigns in Nineveh, and his good fortune is gone, — seemingly forever. He is charged with giving honorable burial to condemned Jews, and is obliged to save himself by a flight which must have stripped him of all his possessions. The sudden death of this persecuting Senacharib enables Tobit to return to the exile's home, endeared by the many graves his own hands had dug, his tears alone consecrated. He renews at once his old habits of befriending the people of God. The burial of a strangled Jew obliges him to sleep out of doors, as unclean. He awakes in the morning to find himself totally blind, through the droppings of the sparrows upon his unguarded eyes. His wife comes to his help. Her spinning-wheel saves him from starvation. He hears a kid bleating within his poor home, and commands her to return what must be stolen goods. She replies it is a gift above her

wages. He does not believe her, but insists that it should be sent back, and draws down upon himself a rebuke so severe, that it sends him to his knees for comfort in prayer.

At the same time, in a distant city, a family of Tobit's friends is asking relief, unknown to him, from a greater trial than his. Raguel, his cousin, had an only daughter seven times married, yet still a virgin, with the terrible fame of being possessed by an evil spirit who destroyed her husbands upon the wedding night, — not a strange conception of an Oriental fancy. This disappointed maiden was in earnest supplication at the same time with Tobit, and the "prayers of both were heard before the majesty of the great God."

The divine cure was marriage. Tobit naturally recalls the old debt, which might change his want to abundance; he determines to send his only son after the ten talents; but, like a traveller of to-day, that son must be attended by a competent guide, filling the indispensable functions of servant, interpreter, counsellor, guard. The first that offers is accepted; and so they entertain an angel unawares, as Oriental travellers sometimes do still. A whole chapter is filled with the father's excellent counsel at parting, in Luther's admirable version containing the Golden Rule, which the English version feebly renders, "Do that to no man which thou hatest." The young man's dog, we are told, follows the cheery companions. At the river Tigris, the supernatural mingles with the homely elements of life. A fish leaps furiously from the water upon Tobias. The angel commands that it should be seized, its liver and heart to be burnt in the wedding-chamber of his young master, and its gall to be applied to the father's eyes on their return.

When they draw near the debtor's city, the angel apprises his ward that they are to lodge with his cousin, whose fair daughter he can wive, as by the Mosaic law of inheritance there was no other person who had any claim upon her. The advice is accepted with reluctance, because the young man has heard of the peril of attempting to marry a demon's bride. He had not seen the comely Sara then, nor those possessions which would reconcile a brave suitor to no little

peril. An eager welcome awaits them at Ecbatana. The parents recognize the family likeness in Tobias; Raguel kisses him, inquires after his father, and weeps over his calamity. The daughter is espoused at once, her consent not being asked. Tobias follows the counsel of his guide, prays, and offers up the fish, and the evil spirit takes flight into Egypt. On the morrow, there is joy indeed in the household. The grave which the old father had prepared over night, is closed up without a tenant, the bride blessing Jehovah that she is a bride indeed. The old debtor is invited to the wedding festival, but sends the money instead, by the angel's hand. The doubly successful bridegroom is naturally eager to return. Raguel yields reluctantly, dowering him with half his goods, his cattle, his servants and money, bidding his daughter honor her new parents, that he might hear a good report of her. Tobit had nearly despaired of their return, having had to bear the reproaches of his Job-like wife as well as he could. Now, he is rewarded with the restoration of sight according to the directions of the angel, who declines any return for his services, but gives them a parting charge of charity. Finally, the young couple, after the death and burial of the Ninevite parents, migrate to the home in Media, in time to bury the bride's father and mother, escape the prophesied destruction of Nineveh, and go to their own graves full of years, full of blessedness.

Now we submit in view of all the Protestant prejudice against apocryphal books, that Tobit deserves to be an exception; that it is healthy in tone, beautiful in spirit, free from anything offensive, and far more profitable than some books admitted within the Canons. Nay, that it deserved the especial favor of Luther, the honor of quotation in the English Book of Homilies, and the ancient regard of such Fathers of the Church as Origen, who placed it in the Canon, and Ambrose, who exalted Tobit among the prophets.

Its antiquity is undoubted. The doctrine of demons is drawn out in Asiatic style, and points to a period near the Babylonish captivity, made more definite by a reference to the second Temple. It must have been written in some city

east of Jerusalem, where the people of God were tempted to a neglect of his worship, and driven to despair by the capricious cruelty of heathen rulers. Existing in the four versions, Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, it had probably a Hebrew original; its principal incidents look like facts colored by a devout Oriental fancy. Its supernatural machinery is not unnatural, considering where and when the piece was composed, the Babylonish soil producing no other crop so abundantly as the marvellous, and Jewish minds of that age yielding without a struggle to the mystic spell. So that, while I would not ask it should be read in the service of the sanctuary, I do not think it deserves to be despised and forgotten. Ever so many good lessons are taught by it, as the answer to prayer, the final prosperity of the righteous, the divine coronation of charity; and Dean Stanley is certainly right when he says its portraiture of the domestic life of the Jewish exiles, the exultation over this household's relation to the great sanctuary of Kedesh-Naphtali, the longing regard for their own country, their exultant anticipation of the fall of Nineveh, carry us back to the age in which the story was laid, amongst the funerals, weddings, parental anxieties, cousinly loves and patriotic philanthropies "of the good father of the good son," in the first generation of Israelitish captivity.

F. W. H.

 THE LIGHT AND EASY YOKE.

"THE Koran says, 'God willeth that his law
Should be made light to men, for man is weak.'
But hearken thou and understand: Does gold
Feel itself heavy? Is the falcon's plume
Light to itself? 'Tis merely to itself.
The law of God is *thy* law; otherwise
It could not be thy *law*. Be thou a law
Unto thyself, and then thy life shall be
Light as an eagle's pathway through the skies."

THE LAYMAN'S BRIEVIARY.

MASTER OR SLAVE ?

BY H. W. HALL.

MASTER or slave, which are you? You resent the question, and say you are no man's slave. Perhaps not, but even then let us look closely at your life, and see if you are in very truth *your own master*.

This morning you lost some hours, and threw all the plans of the day into confusion trying to do at the wrong time what would have taken but ten minutes at the right time yesterday. And you are saying to yourself, "I wish I had seen to it then; I knew I ought, but I did not happen to feel like it." Many a disorder and inconvenience and hurry would be smoothed from your life, if this question of "feeling like" or "not feeling like" were ruled out of your court, and your own deliberate judgment and will intrusted with the sole power of deciding your actions; in short, if you had not a master called Whim.

Then at another time you do put your inclination out of sight, and do what you do not wish to, and farther than that, do what you think you ought not, what is more than you can afford in time or money or strength, and you say in excuse that your friend thought you had better, or desired it greatly. You want to call this unselfishness, but a friend worthy of the name does not wish your freedom of will and conscience sacrificed to him, and there is much danger lest you merely save yourself trouble in deciding and acting when you thus make your friends your masters.

"Overpowered by circumstances," is the verdict on many a life, and it may seem, when you consider the life, as if it could not have been otherwise. Yet there always lurks in one's heart a feeling that perhaps greater wisdom or strength in the individual might have conquered circumstances. Let this faith in the power of the will be set in judgment over your own life. If you are indeed master of circumstances, they cannot make you restless, excited, irritable, — make you, in common phrase, "lose your self-possession." This sub-

ject of man's free agency in relation to his outward lot opens into bewildering reaches of conjecture, but it is not so hard to deal with when you apply it to your own daily life, and ask yourself whether you need *now*, at this very time, be so absorbed in some outward whirl that you do not stop to balance yourself, and possess your soul in patience; or whether you must habitually let all the fair views and outlooks of life be hidden from you by the dust of your own hurrying carriage-wheels. You may not be able to alter circumstances, but may find that you can use them, instead of letting them use you.

But there is another would-be master, pressing closer on our personality than the nearest of our surroundings, ever present with us, the very tool with which we must do all our work, the very channel of communication between ourselves and all else, — the body. You are not willing to acknowledge it as *yourself*; it is *yours*. In what relation do you stand to it?

You think at once of all the low and sensual ways in which body may govern soul and mind, and you indignantly repel the thought of yielding to such government. But while the soul holds its own on such ground as this, it may be succumbing to the flesh in many a more secret way. You cannot deny that this has happened when bodily indolence or weariness has betrayed you into neglect of duty or infringement of kindness, perhaps you would blame yourself more severely for these yieldings if you realized the power which the will might here exert. You gaze back with wondering admiration at the martyrs of old, who held their bodies under so mightily, and forced them to endure all things rather than drag the soul into any sin, but you feel as if they were beings of another order than yourself, and because God has spared you the fearful trials through the flesh which came to them, you let yourself fall before the temptations of petty aches and ails, and do not make it a matter of conscience at all.

If the martyrs seem too far away to shame you, learn something from these modern lives of which you may read, — lives

wherein the will has compelled the weak, shrinking body to fulfil every task assigned it; read of men like Robert Hall, or Robertson, alternating their hours of agony with hours of labor. Or come nearer, into the range of every-day experience. There rolls through our city streets a wheel-chair, the only means of motion possible to the crooked, feeble, apparently disabled boy who sits in it. You speak to him, and are met by no whine of wretchedness, but a shrewd, smiling face looks up, and a cheery voice answers you. You ask about him, and hear how his crippled fingers find work they can do when at their best, and his quick wit and trustworthiness help him to other ways of labor when they fail; you hear how he did more for his widowed mother than her stalwart elder sons, and how, while taking frankly and gratefully the help he cannot always do without, he continually finds means to do something for himself, and so never loses the respect of others or his self-respect, and never loses heart. Is he not his own master?

The soul is superior to the flesh. You acknowledge it theoretically, you deny it practically. You deny it whenever you let yourself estimate a fellow-creature by the outward man, the physique alone. When you let yourself speak contemptuously of any bodily defect in another, even when you only dwell unnecessarily upon it, in word or thought; when you let beauty of form dazzle your perception of the indwelling spirit; then you are putting the slave above his master. When, in regard to *yourself*, you so rejoice in some gift of loveliness that your Creator has given you to wear in the flesh, that you forget or underrate those adornings of the mind and that beauty of holiness for which you must pray and labor, then are you disloyal. And on the other hand there is a truth perhaps less acknowledged, certainly less considered. A love wiser and stronger than that of any earthly friend, a love which deals directly with what is supreme and everlasting in you, has laid on you some physical defect or uncomeliness, and it is for you to weigh it, estimate it justly, and assign it the place due to it, and no other place. If not, you may let it stand in the way of your real self, making you

perpetually conscious, and limiting your ease of action. Or, worse still, you may let yourself fancy it coming between yourself and the knowledge and appreciation of others. Then you are letting your slave master you indeed, — master your own self-respect and your respect for others too; for in your heart you know that it is only a low and trifling nature that measures man or woman thus. Do not dare to insult any one whom you honor by such suspicion. Be yourself, and trust your individuality to break through its encasings, and take trustfully the respect and friendship and love that are sure to come to every soul that deserves them.

Above all, hold by the belief that your soul is strong enough to overpower and use what seem its hindrances. You have already learned to look back thankfully at some discipline of your childhood, unwillingly received, but yielding fruit in which you rejoice. Even so shall your soul in its more mature hereafter look back to its child-life on earth, and see that it found, or might have found, its stepping-stones to heights otherwise unattainable in the very crosses now most grievous to be borne.

There is one book of the present day which throws a strong light on the true relations of soul and body, — Miss Muloch's "A Noble Life." Read it, and win a loftier regard for the might given to the spirit of man.

Now go deeper than all this, and ask yourself one final question. What is death to you? Has death been able, in taking your friend from the reach of your senses, to break all bonds between you, and leave you utterly bereft? If ever you let the body be master here, in this holy realm of love, you are preparing for yourself bitter and comfortless woe, but if between your friend and you there is an intercourse that brings your very selves face to face, a knowledge that strikes root in the depths of your natures, if you love each other with *heart* and *soul*, then your love can hold over, not only long earthly separations, but over this wide and silent gulf of death; can hold over while you wait, — one here, one there, — in certainty of unfailing sympathy, until the day of meeting.

And if a just subordination of the body breaks the force of

death when it touches others, so will it make you stronger than death when your own hour comes. If your body has been to you a willing servant, an avenue of enjoyment, and an instrument of happy work, you will a little regret to lay it aside, but you will know that the good Father is waiting to do for us more and better than we are able to ask or to think, and you will go fearlessly out to seek the new instrument in the New World before you. And if it has been otherwise, if your body has been to you a clog, a mask, or a cross, then with eagerness even will you spring forward, when the word comes, towards those possibilities of freedom and strength and beauty which, in the goodness of God, are open to his child, your soul.

So in life and in death, let Him reign whose right it is to reign.

THE THRUSH ROBIN.

THE sun is set ; the west is bright ;
 The robin, on the apple bough,
 Without a fear of coming night,
 Still sings ; the happiest hour is now.

The piping frog calls out good-night,
 And jewelled toads prolong their trill ;
 To them the darkness is as light,
 While May-day pulses through them thrill.

Soft, o'er the highlands and the vale,
 The south wind breathes its promises, —
 The summer harvest shall not fail ;
 And autumn fruit shall bend the trees.

Oh, gladness heightened yet with hope !
 Looking through darkness into light,
 Through midnight seeing morning ope,
 With coming May November bright,

Still fill my heart, nor suffer fears
 And doubts to close my faithless sight
 Against the morning that appears,
 All glowing with eternal light.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

A LATE number of the New York "Independent" heads an article on Temperance with the well-known words of the Apostle Paul, *Touch not, taste not, handle not*. Every one remembers how often these words have been quoted in temperance discussions, and we have been exhorted to obey this apostolic authority, and to follow this scriptural rule.

Of course, the rule of entire abstinence may be a good rule, and were the Apostle Paul to live in our times, and see the perils of moderate drinking, he might give the counsel which is generally imputed to him. But it is a curious illustration of the great extent to which the Bible is misinterpreted by our traditions, the fact that the apostle quotes these words only to condemn them.

He takes them from the mouths of his opponents, men who sought to judge others in meat or drink, or of a new moon, or of a Sabbath-day. He says let no man beguile you, by bringing you in subjection to the rudiments of this world, the commandments of men, quoting the text under consideration as one of them, and adds—in words which penetrate deeply into the springs of human nature—that such things "have a show of wisdom in will worship."

Temperance advocates, actuated by a good motive, and seeking a good end, are far from settling the question of duty when they quote with so positive an air what they call the scriptural rule, *Touch not, taste not, handle not*. If they are preachers of the gospel, and editors of religious papers, they ought to know that this is not a scriptural rule at all, and is named by the apostle only for his rebuke.

Around every text of Scripture there hovers a nebulous mass of remembered commentary, hortatory sermons, and traditional interpretations; and it is quite fearful to think in how many cases these come to us, and not the exact meaning of the sacred writer. We cry out for the pure word of God, and condemn the Catholics who add tradition to Scripture, and yet how little pains we take to know what that pure word is, and to be sure that we are not overlaying it with our father's or neighbor's opinions.

—Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, of the Tabernacle Church in New York, sends to the Chicago "Advance" an article on the recent

work of Dr. Dorner, of Berlin, on the "History of Protestant Theology." Dr. Thompson says, "We know not where else to look for so comprehensive and satisfactory survey of the course of religious and philosophic thought," in Germany, but adds that "the sketch of American theology, is extremely meagre." We give Dr. Thompson's remarks on this point:—

"Dorner does not find as yet, in American theology, any connected literary history; and he regards our minute subdivision into schools and sects, and our intense absorption in practical questions, as unfavorable to scientific investigation and progress. He makes a brief reference to Channing and Parker as representatives of the extreme wings of Unitarianism, and interprets Dr. Bushnell as teaching Sabellianism under the form of the suffering or exinanition of the Deity in the crucified Logos (*Theopaschitism*), and in his later writings approaching the Christology of Irving. But Dorner greatly over-estimates the influence of these three writers, in taking them as symptoms of a generally unsettled state of theology in the New World, and inferring that our Christology is now passing through an indeterminate and transitional process, such as marked the early Christian centuries. The ten thousand unpublished volumes of American theology—the spoken volumes of the vast majority of American pulpits—might convince him that he himself is not more settled and sound in the vital matter of Christology than is the American ministry. He appreciates the more recent distinctions of old and new school in our theology, and the modifying influence of the latter upon the Calvinistic scheme. He makes honorable mention of Witherspoon, Taylor, Robinson, Park, Stuart, H. B. Smith, Shedd, Hackett, Conant, and others, but seems to know almost nothing of the 'New England Theology,' under its scientific forms, nor of its history as the outgrowth of a high intellectualism under the condition of perfect religious freedom, and the impulse of great religious awakenings. Neither has Dr. Dorner attempted to measure the influence of American theology upon the social and political condition of the people, and upon movements of moral and civil reform. This is a subtle but mighty power, which a foreigner, who judges us only through our books and reviews, would not be likely to apprehend, nor even to suspect. But as a philosophical historian, Dorner does recognize the favoring conditions for theological development given in the complete separation of our church communions from the state,

and the free commingling of the elements of thought from different schools and various lands, especially through the large importation of English, Scotch, and German theology; and he looks for a valuable product in the future, through the thorough fermentation of so many formative elements, by means of an ever-increasing scientific communion and interchange. Theology in the United States will at last arrive at some new and self-dependent combination and form, by processes in many points analogous to the evolution of the Church of the first centuries. We may accept this hopeful prophecy, believing that it may be the function of our cosmopolitan Christianity to work out some of the higher problems in theology, as well as in government and society."

— The Boston "Congregationalist" contains the following article, which it heads with the title, "The comparative insignificance of those questions upon which Christians differ." That paper says it was written by Rev. J. P. Hubbard, an Episcopal clergyman, of Westerly, R. I., who has lately been reproved by his bishop for exchanging with a non-episcopal minister.

"At our business men's prayer-meeting, the other morning, I was forcibly impressed by a figure employed by a brother while offering prayer that brotherly love might continue and increase. He illustrated the questions which separate Christians, as compared with those on which they were agreed, by the figure of sea-foam as compared with the mighty expanse and depth of waters upon which it floats. I asked myself, Is that figure indeed just? And so, my readers, I would ask you, Is that figure just? Ponder over it. Endeavor to take in its full force. Have you ever been at sea? And have you gazed over the vessel's side into the dark blue waters, going down, down, perhaps miles in depth? And then have you looked around at that boundless expanse of waters, stretching away on every hand, that image of infinity and eternity? And have you clambered up the shrouds till you took your seat upon the dizzy height of the topmast royal yard. As you have gone upward, have you noticed how that expanse of waters still enlarges and stretches away as you ascend, and how the foam which flecks the surface of the mighty deep gradually becomes lost to view? What is that sea-foam — the bubbles produced by the contentions of winds and waves — as compared with that expanse and depth of wa-

ters? * So is it with these questions which separate Christians. As we ascend heavenward, they become lost to view, till, as we reach the eternal world, they shall forever disappear, whilst brotherly love and the love of Jesus shall expand to our view with ever-increasing grandeur and glory. Will we then allow our attention to be drawn away from these things, which shall go with us into eternity, to the consideration of these other things, which are so soon to be forever lost to view?

"Beloved, may ours be the experience of the Apostle Paul. It was when meditating upon these grand themes of the gospel of Jesus, that he felt himself embraced and surrounded by the love of God, filling his soul to the utmost of its capacity, and extending upwards, downwards, and away on every hand, — an infinite expanse of divine love, — and burst forth in the ardent prayer which may God fulfil in our own experience, 'For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.'"

— That austere Orthodox publication called the "Pano-
plist" has the following generous-minded notice of Mr. Edmund Quincy's life of his father: —

"The writer informs us that his father attended the ministry of Dr. Channing, whose deeply religious mind could scarcely fail to impart something of its own sanctity to that of his thoughtful friend.

"What Dr. Payson was to the Orthodox, Dr. Channing was to the Unitarians. He had the deepest reverence for religion, and viewed it not as a cold speculation, but as a living principle, constantly seeking for God, and finding its support and sustenance in the Divine Word. Of course, he rejected in theory the

Orthodox faith, but there was a wonderful approximation to it in his feelings and in his life ; and there can be no doubt that the terrific theology of Dr. Hopkins, as he calls it, and the saintly character of the man, exerted an influence upon his mind which remained with him through life. We do not believe Mr. Quincy could enjoy an intimacy with such a man without feeling deeply the power of that reverence and awe which so pervaded the mind of Dr. Channing, and not his alone, but that of the elder Unitarians of the same school to which Mr. Quincy belonged.

"We find, also, a remark by Mr. Edmund Quincy, which announces his purpose to say little of his father's religious opinions or feelings. Alluding to this matter, he says, 'He seldom spoke of his religious opinions or devotional feelings, and it is to the revelations of his diary that those who knew him best owe the knowledge of their character and extent.' If there are parts of a diary, as these words imply, which bring more distinctly into view the religious aspects of his character, we think his biographer has done great injustice to his father in their suppression, for there is such an absence of all genuine warmth of religious feeling, such an absolute hiding of the animating principles of the Christian life, both in reference to his father and mother, that any reader would imagine that the future life and the great obligations of religion were among the least and lowest concerns that occupied their minds. We do not believe that such was the fact. We cannot suppress the conviction that Mr. Quincy had far more and deeper impressions of the importance of divine truth than the scanty allusions to his religious life which are supplied by his biographer would seem to reveal."

—The "Watchman and Reflector" has an article by Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, of Newton, in review of a book lately published, entitled "Hymn Writers and their Hymns." As Dr. Smith has himself written hymns of great excellence, we read with pleasure what he says on a subject where he is so much at home.

"No words can express the pleasure we experience oftentimes, in learning the circumstances of the production of some choice hymn, the name and history of the author, the place where his immortal composition came into being, the train of events to which it owes its birth, the mental throes which ushered it into existence, or the sweet, controlling influences which

presided at its nativity. Yet these are just the things which, generally, no man knows but the author himself, and, most unfortunately, the things which, apart from his own name, an author seldom reveals. They constitute a precious but an unwritten history, which the only persons competent to write it never think it worth while to preserve. The poets do not consider that when a hymn, like a rare flower, sends forth over the ages an abiding sweetness, multitudes find a keen satisfaction in ascertaining in what fields it grew, by what arts of culture it reached its perfection, how it was exposed to heat and storm, or how it was shielded and sheltered by the gardener's care, and by what exquisite processes it acquired the aroma which makes it everywhere admired and prized. Of the hundreds and thousands of hymns in our devotional use, of how few are we able to give the history! We seem to think they were created, as by a word; that they came by a kind of inspiration; that they were divinely inbreathed into their gifted authors, and by them breathed forth into the world. They seem to come to us like strains of music on the evening air,—we know not whence nor how. We know, generally, the name of the writer; but when did he present this divine wisdom to the world?—what influences drew from his heart these celestial effusions?—was he impelled by love, or forced by trial, thus to give gifts unto men? In how few instances can we give to such questions a satisfactory answer!

“What greater privilege is there than to be the writer of a hymn that shall live till the end of all things? What greater honor is there than by some heavenly melody to minister to the growth and joy of a ransomed soul,—to be the companion of a trusting and tried saint by the way, till he enters into glory, and then, returning, to conduct others by the same sweet path to the same celestial end? And who will have at the last day more of the joy of a benefactor than he who will be met with grateful joy by thousands of the glorified, to whom his sacred hymns have been as the grapes of Eshcol and the foretaste of the new wine of the kingdom?”

—The sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Hedge, before the Conference of Unitarian Churches in Syracuse, has recently been published, and we select two extracts, one relating to the relation between the *natural* and *supernatural*, and the other to the office of science.

"The antagonism between the natural and supernatural is not in the thing, but in the thought. It is a classification, under these two heads, of ordinary and extraordinary phenomena and powers. The term 'natural' is used to denote the stated and intelligible facts of human experience, — those which have been investigated, referred to known agencies, and ranged under formulas which we call laws. Together they constitute the 'System of Nature,' so called, which of course can mean nothing more than our observation or systematization of nature. The system is in us, and not in the things themselves. Whatever transcends these familiar experiences, — facts which are not embraced in this system, and seem not to tally with it, are either denied, or classed as 'supernatural.' They are denied by those who cannot tolerate that their little system, with which so much pains has been taken, should be proved imperfect by facts or alleged facts, which it will not take in. It is the feeling of the child who fancies he has made a perfect figure with the bits of ivory in his Chinese puzzle, and subsequently discovers that one of the seven pieces has been left out. He would fain suppress the refractory piece. It is certainly more agreeable to question the facts than to entertain the suspicion of the 'more things in heaven and earth' of which the poet speaks. Nor is anything gained, that I can see, by admitting the facts, so long as they are excluded from the sphere of nature, to which humanity with its destinies belongs. The term 'supernatural' supposes two distinct agencies, nature and God; i. e., it separates nature from God, it makes nature godless, and so introduces into the scheme of religion a dualism which is Manichean and antichristian. The progress of Christian thought will abolish this dualism, will teach that the ordinary and extraordinary in human affairs are equally natural and equally divine. All phenomena are natural, and all causes that produce them are natural. A genuine miracle would be the most natural of all; it would be nature in her immediateness, nature unveiled, without the illusion of statedness which so befogs poor human wit and stands instead of nature in the vulgar mind. The spirit is nature's innermost life; he who has most of it is most natural. Who so natural as Jesus? The miracles recorded of him are proofs of his naturalness. Suppose them mythical, they would still in a certain sense be illustrations of it, as legitimate impressions of his great nature on contemporary minds. Whoever shall attain

to the same spirituality will experience that *rapprochement* with the central power which the record ascribes to Jesus; he will have that sympathy with the universal will that shall make all things possible which seem desirable. If miracles show themselves in him, they will be the most natural things which he does. In proportion as men grow toward spiritual maturity, it will come to be seen that there is but one power in the greatest and in the least, in the resurrection of the dead and the shooting of a grain of wheat. In the fulness of that spiritual maturity, the godless distinctions of false religion will be done away, and natural and supernatural be atoned."

On the other subject we named we find the following noble words:—

"Religion accepts with all thankfulness the mediations of science; but religion will not suffer science to dictate her beliefs, or to strike from her creed whatever the text-books fail to explain. When M. Renan declares it to be an absolute rule of criticism to admit no miracle in history, because the condition of a miracle is faith, religion is content that men should render to criticism the things which are criticism's, and to faith the things which are faith's. But when he insists that 'the faith of humanity' rests on a fancy of Mary Magdalene, religion can but smile at the huge inconsistency which, seeking to escape an improbability, tumbles into a tenfold greater, and which sacrifices the real order of nature to an idol so named. Of the real order of nature, the first principle is, that every effect must have an adequate cause. The Christian Church was founded in the belief of the resurrection of Christ. What was the cause of that belief? To rest the growth of ages on a woman's delusion, is a greater invasion and inversion of the order of nature than any miracle recorded in the New Testament. It is one of the mistakes of the time to overrate the authority of physical science, whose judgments are valid only on purely material ground, and lose their conclusiveness when a spiritual factor intervenes. To deny the spiritual factor is the instinct of science, but also her weakness; an unconscious confession of her own limitation, which many mistake for the limit of truth. In the world of phenomena, science is queen; in the world of causes, she is a bungler and an alien. It is only within her proper and bounded domain of physical inquiry that she can claim to be interpreter

of the methods of God. And yet I saw in a recent writing, written, too, in the name of religion, the astounding suggestion that religion has no function 'which may not be discharged by science.' If so, let us hasten to make up for lost time, for wasted hours of worship, since the foundation of the world. Let us straightway convert our temples into lecture-rooms. Cease idle prayers, cease drivelling praise! Henceforth let the weekly holy day be devoted to scientific investigations. Let the children of the Sunday-school repeat for litany the multiplication-table instead of the Lord's Prayer. Let anatomical and physiological demonstrations replace the broken body of the Eucharist and the waters of baptism. Let font and chalice be sent to the curiosity-shop, and shelved with the Chinese joss-sticks and hideous Indian gods. Vanish, ye dim surmises of a supersensuous world! Vanish the Holy Ghost! Let serviceable gases entertain the well-spent hour!

"No, friends, science can do much; but there are functions of religion which cannot be discharged by science. Not yet has science succeeded to the throne of God in the heart of mankind. We are no nearer to God in our knowledge than in our ignorance, unless to the knowledge of nature be added the knowledge of spiritual truth. On the contrary, without the spiritual complement, the more scientific, the more atheistic. Science can do much, but there are straits in life where science can afford neither counsel nor aid. Standing by the bedside of his dying mother, says a German humorist, 'I thought over all the great and little inventions of man, — the doctrine of souls, Newton's system of attraction, the Universal German Library, the *Genera Plantarum*, the *Magister Matheseos*, the *Calculus Infinitorum*, the right and oblique ascension of the stars and their parallaxes. But nothing would answer. And she lay out of reach, lay on the brink, and was going; and I could not even see where she would fall. Then I commended her to God, and went out and composed a prayer for the dying, that they might read it to her. She was my mother, and had always loved me so dearly, and this was all I could do for her. . . . We are not great, and our happiness is, that we can believe in something greater and better.'"

— It has been remarked that in Europe as well as America, single life is becoming more general. "The Nation" discusses

the question why this is so. After alluding to the causes assigned in England, the writer refers to our country as follows:—

“In New England there is neither army service nor clubs nor the rivalry of a numerous *demi-monde*, nor governmental expense and trouble attending the marriage ceremony; the young women as a class are neither ‘fast’ nor ‘masculine’ nor frivolous, nor inferior in education and culture to the young men; the young people are left in complete freedom to follow their own hearts and tastes in choosing their companions; yet the same phenomenon of an increased proportion of single men and women is exhibited. Nor is it the excess of the women over the men left by the Western emigration. The excess of about forty thousand women in the State of Massachusetts, which has been made so much of, would only account for the unmarried state of about one-fifth of the single women. Nor is it altogether the young woman’s extravagance and unwillingness to work. She can triumphantly repulse the attack with home-hitting shots: Is she not about as economical as masculine Young America? If *she* were willing to, would *he* be satisfied to see her dress plainly and to live without hired servants? Does he give her a chance to show whether she will marry a poor man and commence house-keeping humbly? Is *he* willing to marry a poor girl who will not better either his purse or his social position? How is it, if he *can’t* afford a wife, that he can afford cigars and velvet coats, champagne suppers, and summer tours, that he has money to spare for billiards and theatres and horses?

“This cause, if we mistake not, is nothing less than the higher development of civilization and the new form which modern progress has given to modern life. The decrease in the frequency of marriage is exhibited in the countries—France, England, and the United States—which have advanced the most in the path of modern civilization. The decrease is proportioned to the respective height of social development in each. By the general diffusion of education and culture, by the new inventions and discoveries of the age, by the increase of commerce and intercourse and wealth, the tastes of men and women have become widened, their desires multiplied, new gratifications and pleasures have been supplied to them. By this increase of the gratifications of existence, the relative share of them which married

life affords has become just so much less. The domestic circle does not fill so large a place in life as formerly. It is really less important to either man or woman. Married life has lost in some measure its advantage over a single life. There are so many more pleasures, now, that can be enjoyed as well or even better in celibacy. The distinctive sexual impulse, besides, is less powerful not only relatively, because of more numerous rivals, but absolutely, as a necessary attendant upon the development of the mental and higher faculties according to the laws of the conservation of force. While a less proportion of the enjoyments of life at the present day are to be sought in matrimonial life, the cost of it has come to be much greater. Not that its absolute cost is more; not that the necessities of life for a family are greater in *price* than formerly, — they are probably less, — but that they are greater in *number*. Matrimonial life costs more than formerly because there are so many other gratifications, bodily, mental, and æsthetic, which demand satisfaction as well as the affectional impulses, and because so many more of these must be sacrificed by one of moderate means on entering matrimonial life. Commerce, labor-saving machines, the discovery of new sources of wealth, have made the world wealthier, have made luxuries before rare cheap, and gratifications before unknown common. Increase in wealth increases desires still faster. The more they are gratified, the further they are from being satisfied. Each new gratification brought within reach becomes not only a daily necessity, but creates a taste for a dozen out of reach. He who rises a little in the social scale desires to rise still higher. The railroad, that great revolutionizer of the modern world, has been a potent forwarder of this tendency. By means of the railroad, the bulk of population has been drawn from its distribution in small towns and cities, and has been collected in large cities. In cities, people are exposed more constantly to public view. They are brought more often in contact with wealth and luxury. They see more show. Every change of fashion is displayed before them. The new luxuries solicit them everywhere. The modern improvements force themselves upon every one's notice. One must do what others do, and have what others have. One must keep up with the times, or get laughed at and lose position. Rivalry is excited, ambition sharpened; emulation whets emulation.

“Is this decrease in the frequency of marriage a thing that

should excite alarm and lamentation? We think not. Nor do we think it calls, either, for strenuous preaching up of matrimony to our young folks. Is not this prudent hesitation more to be praised than the precipitancy with which thoughtless, ignorant, inexperienced, poverty-stricken children rush into the sacred responsibilities of parents? It is not the number but the character of its people that determines the worth of a country. It is not by increasing the quantity but the quality of its inhabitants that the world is benefited. 'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.' Why? Simply because fifty Europeans are worth more than a thousand Cathayans; because it is better to have in a country fifty educated, accomplished, and cultured people than a thousand ignorant, brutish, and vicious.

"The social philosophers are now perturbed at the loss of population caused by the infrequency of marriage. But it is only about fifty years ago when they were all terribly frightened because marriage was so frequent, and population was increasing so fast that the means of subsistence could not keep pace with it. The new-comer into the world, they feared, would soon find no place for him at nature's board, and room would have to be cleared by the small-pox, the cholera, or some other ravaging epidemic. The poor were told that they were committing a wrong against society in marrying as they did and bringing into the world mouths for which there was no provision, and that if they would not reform, they were rightly punished by hardship and starvation. The present tendency to single life is the corrective that is preventing any such catastrophe. It is the easy and gentle check of nature that is always at hand, and spontaneously interposes whenever an overplus of population commences to be felt. As the alarm of too much marrying and of over-population was groundless, as nature found an easy and gentle remedy for that tendency before it became excessive, so with this alarm and this tendency. We may trust the planets to be in the proper path of their orbit, however they may seem to veer this way and that, and we may trust Nature herself to know her right course and be always in it."

The duty of speaking out one's convictions is set forth in "Fraser's Magazine" in the following words:—

"In the long run, the habit of keeping back much of what he thinks acts destructively on the man himself. The practice dims

his conscience, and alters his very creed. He suppresses so much that in the end he blots out part of himself, and hardly knows what he believes as a man, and what as a partisan. While the process of decline is going on, the man's utterances lack the warmth, the clear ring, the sharp edge, which we find in the ideas that come straight from the heart and brain. That is why partisan speeches sound so hollow. That is why the writing of able men in the leading columns even of the chief journals so often lacks edge and distinctness, and seems the work of an intellectual machine, rather than of a living intellect. It is for the same reason that most men are so much smaller than Nature meant them to be. Nature meant them to be big and well formed; but they are stunted and disproportioned, because some of their faculties have never been exercised at all. They will not speak out, they will not say what they think; so they become like unto the thing they worship,—the God of Corporate Action, whose gospel is that of Suppression, whose hymns are made up of abstract phrases punctuated with winks, and unto whose throne goes up, day and night, the incense of hypocrisy. Mr. Mill believes this lack of individuality to be the most dangerous sign in modern civilization. At least, if men would dare to lead the lives marked out for them by nature, they would speedily be very different from a race of mental and moral dwarfs. Keats spoke the truth under the veil of poetic exaggeration when he said that if each would express himself, each would be great, and humanity would become 'a grand democracy of forest trees.'"

—Rev. Dr. Enoch Pond, professor in the Bangor Theological School, has been reproving the position taken by Dr. Dexter, editor of the "Congregationalist," who maintains that the word "Congregationalism" has reference only to the form of Church Government, and does not necessarily imply an orthodox creed. Dr. Pond has lived many years in a State where in common speech the words "Congregational" and "Orthodox" are synonymous, and he contends that the former term of necessity carries with it an evangelical system of doctrines. His logic is very characteristic. We need not notice it. Dr. Dexter has manfully vindicated the right of Unitarians to be classed as congregationalists. Probably no man among us has examined this

subject more carefully than he ; and after a brief review of some of the proofs of the case, he sums up in the following words:—

. “ If now, it be possible for the English language to affirm more distinctly than is here done, over and over again, that, while historically and numerically, Congregational churches have been and are mainly Calvinistic in their faith, it is possible for a church of unevangelical faith to be Congregational in its polity, and that such unevangelical Congregational churches do exist, we should like to see the experiment tried.”

JOY IN AGE.

I HAVE outlived my cares,
No more my spirit dares
Question the silent morrow,
Dreading the coming sorrow.

Hopes buried in the dust
Have bloomed in glowing trust ;
Life with its sun declining
Points to the rainbow shining.

Poor earth it grandly spans,
There born of tears it stands,
God's tender love revealing,
God's blessed promise sealing.

Thanks be for trials past,
All turned to good at last !
Eyes dim with tears sought vainly
The love they now see plainly.

Now dim with years they catch
Lights of the morning watch,
Almost God's hand beholding
Life's tangled web unfolding.

L. J. H.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE A. U. A. AND RADICALISM.

THE following, which we find in the "Christian Register," is from an address, given in one of our Unitarian churches on taking up a collection for the American Unitarian Association. It is a view which a most candid Christian scholar and preacher takes of a subject which we have felt bound to touch upon in our present number, and we therefore copy it, though we dissent from it if designed to discourage a most free and emphatic expression of sentiment on this subject in all our churches:—

"I approach an objection which has of late been urged against the Association. It is contended that the divisions which exist in our denomination are too deep, and affect too strongly the very foundation of Christian faith, for the Association to occupy a neutral position with regard to them; and one of our own societies, led by its pastor, has formally refused to contribute further to its funds, on the ground that it gives a share of its influence and support to that class among us who have lately been known by the name of Radical. I must say, before closing, a few words in relation to this objection.

"I share, with the brother to whom I have referred, a strong repugnance to the opinion which represents our Saviour as a mere human teacher, with no commission from above beyond that which other great human teachers have possessed in their own genius and energy. For myself, it appears to me that if I rejected all that was miraculous in the Bible, I should prefer that manly and open course which one of our Radical friends has just taken, in disavowing the names of Unitarian and Christian altogether. But it is a different question what a man may call himself, and what others are at liberty to call him. Radicalism, too, is, thus far at least, a thing of various shades and degrees. There are those who dig down to the root in order to examine its firmness, as well as those who thrust the spade beneath it to tear it from the ground. I hope and trust that the period of doubt and denial among us has reached its height, and is gradually passing away. The attempt, about a year since, to form a separate denomination met with little favor. Within the same

time, or nearly so, several Radical clergymen have resigned their pulpits, — a sure indication that our parishes will not be contented with a form of religion that disowns the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ. Under these circumstances it appears to me that a generous and tolerant policy towards those brethren whom we consider in error is better than one which will drive them from us, perhaps to the misleading of many others. I have yet to learn that the Unitarian Association has actually employed as its agents any who were recognized advocates of the sceptical opinions to which I refer, or that any of its publications has presented the evil, without presenting also the remedy. As to questions that may hereafter arise, I am willing to trust them to the discretion of the Board, or of those who may be chosen as their successors, — a discretion rendered yet more cautious by the discussions that have recently taken place. I do not think that a single letter of courteous explanation, in which the Secretary endeavored to meet the charge of partiality brought by one of the minority, affords sufficient ground for us to condemn and desert our own Association, in the period at once of its highest usefulness, and of its greatest need.

“We have had recently a warning, brethren, of the ugly aspect, and of the probable evil consequences, of dealing harshly with those who go astray. A young minister of the Episcopal Church violated one of its canons, apparently supposing either that it was no longer in force, or that it was not applicable to his action. For this he has been tried by an ecclesiastical court, and, in conformity to their sentence, reprimanded by his bishop in a very formal, public, and lengthened address. The result is, not the penitence of the supposed offender, but his indignant protest, carrying with it the assent of a large portion of the Church to which he belongs, — the apparent danger of a decided and permanent schism in that Church, — and the certainty of great heart-burnings and extended controversy, with the loss of much of that favor which Episcopalianism was acquiring with the community at large. Probably those whose conduct excites our wonder in this case felt that they were bound to act thus by the strict rules of their Church. Let us, then, rejoice that we are not bound by canons that require us to sit in judgment on each other. With us, thought and speech are free, and we can oppose what we deem to be error with strength of argument and openness of expression ; but let us not condemn our trusted

and faithful agents, because they have been too gentle with a minority, too patient with those who differ from them. Gentleness and patience, after all, are parts of the Christian armor. It is a blessed thing to win back an erring brother; and it is an evil greatly to be dreaded to drive from us into utter unbelief those who are anxious to know the truth, reverent in spirit, but jealous of their intellectual freedom."

A WEEK'S REST.

WHERE shall that rest be found, which both soul and body crave? The question is not long in getting itself answered. In "the Yard," hundreds of miles away, hospitable homes are open to you, and hospitable hearts await you. Would it were a month later, when grass and trees will have burst into the full freshness of their spring glory! Yet even now, in early April, when the grass is just beginning to get green, and the trees bear but the faintest promise of leaves, the Yard is very pleasant. And the tantalizing evening glimpse you had of it two years ago adds to your desire to see it once again.

"The Yard" is the fair enclosure of the Naval Academy at Annapolis; and a more attractive spot for the location of such an institution could scarcely be desired or conceived. Around the great open square, running down on two of its sides to the water's edge, are ranged the houses of the officers, the dormitories, and the other school buildings; and at the end of a long pier running out into the Severn are stationed the "Constitution," and the practice-ships.

There is plenty to see and to do here; and no moment hangs heavy with you, while you have Captain Theodorus for kindly host and willing guide.

He will take you into his own pet department, where you may examine miniature models of all sorts of guns; torpedoes, loyal and rebel, of various calibre (and it is truly refreshing, by the way, to see "REBEL" boldly marked in great white letters, on every article captured from our civil foes); different patterns of breech-loading muskets; a breech-loading cannon used by Cortez in the conquest of Mexico, and presented to the Academy by General Scott; shot and shell of all shapes and sizes,—in short, specimens almost countless of material and instruments

with which men may kill one another, or hammer down or blow in pieces one another's strong walls.

Or you may allow yourself to be conducted into the Department of the Engineers, where the midshipmen are at work at their drawing, where what will be likely to attract you most is a full-sized propellor engine, with screw attached, in perfect working order, but all high and dry on the floor. And if you are there on the right day, you will find the fires going in the furnaces, and steam up, and the boys working and studying the ponderous machine.

Or you may enter the office of cool and sedate Captain Cule, Commandant, who will take you up into the Seamanship Room, filled with little full-rigged models of vessels, new and old, where even one who has no knowledge of the sea and its ways may spend hours without becoming weary.

Thence you may pass into the Library, where, curiously enough, the first book on which your eye lights is "Noyes's Essays," — a library in large part, as it should be, professional, and which, as such, claims to be one of the best in the country.

You may go down to the ships, — get aboard the "Constitution," of which, they say, just one original timber remains, — and here, as you will see, one of the four classes study and live; cross over to the famous "America," which the English, when they had her, changed from a sloop to a schooner, and so otherwise altered her as seriously to impair her wonderful sailing qualities; inspect the "Santee," where the midshipmen are taught to work heavy guns, and another vessel, where the seamanship drill is performed.

Then there is the Armory for you to visit, containing the boys' light muskets, and the boat howitzers; the Gymnasium, given up not merely to the ordinary gymnastics, but to fencing and sword exercise, and, not least, to dancing, instruction in which excellent art is a part of the regular Academical Course; the bowling-alley; the pistol-gallery, where if you cannot hit the iron man in the heart, and make his bell tinkle, you may hit him in the heel, and make believe that is vulnerable.

And on the appointed days you can look on at the howitzer drill, and at the infantry drill in Eaton's tactics; and, again, watch the mortar firing. It is not a little curious to follow the huge ball under the direction of Captain Levi, describing its arc in the air, and burying itself in the ground, a mile away, in almost the precise spot at which it was aimed.

If you want a change, you can go out rowing with *Secessia*, land on the opposite side of the Severn, and find plenty of may-flowers in bud, but none in bloom; go aboard the two-turreted monitor, "*Tonawanda*," lying out in the stream, and examine her curious mechanism; run up the creek, and explore its shores. Or Theodorus and the dainty Dart will take you about the queer old town, which Lord Lyons liked because it was so like an English town, which has so little business that after the feverish bustle of New England cities it seems perfectly dead, and which, nevertheless, somehow refreshes you by its very contrast with those familiar places. And you cannot tell whether you are most amused or saddened when you call to mind that this little lifeless town is the capital of an Atlantic State. You find the State House, — where the Rebel Legislature, which has dropped fourth of July (so the Maryland papers tell you) out of the school holidays, has just closed its winter session — really beautiful in its interior; and entering the Chamber of Delegates, you stand where Washington stood when he delivered up his commission.

And on a certain Saturday, being provided with a ticket, you get up very early in the morning, and take the train to Washington, and climb the steps at the rear of the magnificent capitol, which a wise builder built hind part before, and enter the handsome and hot Senate Chamber, and "assist" for three hours at the Impeachment Trial, hearing read out the President's St. Louis speech, with all the "Judas Iscariot business" and the "kicking out business" and the "flag and the Constitution business" in full, and you study the faces and the men before you; and able, sharp as "Mr. Manager Butler is" and unusually courteous as he is on this particular day, you can't help wishing that he had in him a little more of the *Brahminism* that you see embodied elsewhere on the floor.

And then, coming out, you wander all up and down that long avenue in search of a really nice place with something to eat in it, and don't find it; and you are glad to get back to the Yard at last, and to Dart's generous supper.

On Sunday you attend church in the little chapel (what a relief to sit in the pews for once!) and join in the wholesome and comforting Episcopal Service, and hear a good sermon from Chaplain Smith, a man who admirably fills his post, making himself acceptable alike to students and teachers. And in the even-

ing there are ices and punch for Marshall Ney, who for the punch's sake has been enticed from Washington by the Queen Dowager. And Vice Admiral Porter comes in, one of the dozen or so men in the world that one really cares about seeing. He is now the Superintendent of the Academy, and has improved, and is improving manifestly, its various departments, and his taste and energy are continually at work in adorning and enriching the grounds. And while Ney spins his wonderful yarns, and the Admiral talks in his simple, straightforward way, the punch and the ices vanish, and no longer are. Yes, it is Sunday evening, and it is *not* Boston.

And a day or two later you say a regretful farewell, and take the creeping train again to Annapolis Junction, and fly by express to Baltimore, and make a night of it on the Chesapeake in the old Bay Line boat, and awake at Norfolk, and in a little steam-tug push up the Dismal Swamp Canal two or three miles, and meeting little Nell, bring her back again with you out of an unredeemed State into New England, — after all, the best place for a home, spite of her fickle skies and her cold shores, spite of her marvellous union of Phariseism and feverish yearning to make herself better, spite of her noisy men and her blatant women, spite of her bad bread and lead pies, best place to live in, and lived in by the best people, in all the wide world !

PETER.

REFLECTIONS.

WHETHER the world moves forward or backward, the movement party call the motion progress.

Reforming the world is like patching an old coat, which will soon need another patch ; but if it were not for reformers the world would always be out at elbows.

Man is made in the image of God ; in other words, God is conceived of in the image of man.

The way to have your secrets kept is to keep them yourself.

Most men are better worth preserving at death than at birth.

We overlook our own faults on account of our merits, and others' merits on account of their faults.

God requires that we should work out our own salvation. He saves us by showing us how to save ourselves. It is true that salvation depends on his grace, but his grace is proportioned to our efforts.

Men think little of what is said, unless they think much of him who says it.

Drop the expletives from the command for the creation of light, and it may be expressed in five words: God said, Light be, and light was.

Much of most men's fame is undesirable, being founded on their unhappiness.

Nothing is too petty for men to be proud of.

To make others work is often harder than to do the work ourselves.

The human race is but half humanized.

Sir William Temple says, "If a rich man would keep his health, he must live like a poor man."

Great talkers converse with each other in half sentences, for neither waits to hear a whole one.

Joseph Joubert says, "Instead of complaining that roses have thorns, be glad that the thorns are surmounted by roses."

No man repents of having done his duty.

We go up the hill of life like a boy with his sled after him, and go down it like a boy with his sled under him.

Fear in a sound mind is self-limited; for such a mind controls its fears through fear of the consequences of yielding to them.

Fashions of thought succeed each other like fashions of dress, and appear as absurd after they have passed by.

To serve God is to obey his laws. Worship is not service, unless it makes us more ready to do his will.

A great man neglects little things not on account of his greatness, but of his littleness. Nothing is too little for the regard of Omniscience.

They who leave the most at death often carry away the least.

Life would flag without delusions.

"A man of no purpose no purpose fulfils;

Weak men have wishes, but strong men have wills."

E. W.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Declares he was *not* intoxicated when he swung round the circle. We are sorry for it. We were hoping he *was* intoxicated. If he could say such bad, vulgar, and foolish things when sober, he must be a worse man than we had taken him for. If that is Johnson sober, what in the world is Johnson drunk?

A LESSON FROM THE SUN.

"Behold the Sun at morning and at eve!
 The Sun knows naught of thee, he sees thee not,
 And yet he does thee and will do thee good.
 He signals with vast might out through the blue;
 Spends he his good on the blue void alone?
 He hits his mark! He grows in man and flower
 And blossom to the ocean's deepest bed,
 Nor is one ray in all its journeyings lost!
 And *thou* must know to whom thou doest good?
 To distant strangers wilt refuse thy love?
 To men and flowers that come long after thee?
 And dost thou truly know the very man
 Who stands before thee? Were he in himself
 No mystery, he would still be such to thee,
 For when thy being is completely filled
 With goodness and with love to him, believe me,
 Thou seest him not, as the sun sees thee not,
 For glow of heavenly warmth and perfect light:
 Thou need'st but this to glad thee! that he is!
 The rose is gloriously rewarded for
 Her fragrance by exhaling; and the Sun
 For his effulgence, by the light! And man
 For all his loving finds a rich reward
 In love itself; man is repaid for life
 Amply by living. Learn thou this of Heaven!
 And learn it too on earth, from all thou dost!
 Distinguish no one, then, of all that live!
 Not him who names himself thy foe or friend;
 Distinguish naught that lives; let fruit and tree
 Be one to thee, the shepherd and his flock,
 The lambkin and the grass, the grass and dew,
 The dew and its refulgence. In the midst
 Of the vast universe of love, unmoved,
 Keep thou thy place! and only live and love!
Behold the Sun at morning and at eve!"

—THE LAYMAN'S BRIVIARY

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Market Assistant, containing a brief Description of every Article of Human Food sold in the Public Markets of the Cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn, including the various Domestic and Wild Animals, Poultry, Game, Fish, Vegetables, Fruits, etc., etc., with many curious Incidents and Anecdotes. By THOMAS F. DE VOE, author of "The Market-Book," etc. Riverside Press. 1867. 8vo. pp. 455.

We have said almost all that needs to be said about this work in copying its title, and bearing testimony to its appropriateness. The book is all that it professes to be. Written by a market-man of long and approved standing, it gives us the benefit of his practical knowledge and experience. The author is at the same time an antiquary, and he blends with the homely details of the markets that now are not a few grotesque and fantastic pictures of earlier days.

The Spirit of Seventy-Six; or, The Coming Woman. A Prophetic Drama, followed by A Change of Base, and Doctor Mondschein. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1868.

Nearly four hundred years before the Christian Era the "Ecclesiazousiæ," or "Women in Congress Assembled," was brought out by Aristophanes upon the stage in Athens. In this play a woman who had so far forgot herself as to bring her sewing into the Assembly, that she may hear and make clothes at the same time, is sharply rebuked by the leader, Praxagora. So the world repeats itself, not, we hope, without progress. The "Spirit of Seventy-Six," with its pendant pieces, can hardly expect, even with the printer's help, to last its twenty-two centuries and more; but it has done good service in this century by provoking overworked men and women to inextinguishable laughter, and by replenishing more than one purse of charity, not to speak of the light which it has shed upon the great question of the day.

E.

Norwood; or, Village Life in New England. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: Charles Scribner & Company. 1868.

The great preacher is not a great novelist. His book will not be read through in hot haste. In many ways it caricatures rather than characterizes Life in New England; at least, during ten years passed in a New England village not a hundred miles

from the region from which this story takes its departure, we found no such life. There is, however, a great deal of pleasant and suggestive writing within the covers of the volume, notwithstanding its shortcomings as a work of fiction; and had the writer contented himself with making up a bundle of "fragments," so gathering and making use of material which even Mr. Beecher's not very severe taste rejected from the weekly Sermons, it would have been as well for Mr. Bonner and the readers of the "Ledger," and far better for the author's literary reputation.

E.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1868, edited by Samuel Kneeland, A. M., M. D., has been published by Gould and Lincoln, and contains matter of much interest, both to the scientific and general reader relative to the most recent discoveries. Every one should read these annuals who desires to know the progress of discovery. Every teacher should have them, or have access to them, so as to be able to sift the errors from the textbooks. We learn, for instance, that the earth is *not* 95,000,000 miles from the sun, but only 92,340,000; that lengthening of sight in old people is *not* from the flattening of the crystalline lens (which, by the way, is a fact for those people who try to squeeze their eyes into shape); that it is questioned whether granite is the oldest, or primitive rock; that it is disputed whether mountain ridges are formed by upheaval or denudation. Many curious facts are given under mechanic and useful arts, chemistry, geology, astronomy, and biology. A portrait of William B. Rogers fronts the title-page.

S.

Charles Dickens' Works. Ticknor and Fields continue the publication of their "Charles Dickens Edition" in volumes which are of quite readable type, afforded at very reasonable prices, and containing the original illustrations of Cruikshanks. They have just issued "Old Curiosity Shop" whereupon many a heart will delight to renew again acquaintance with the most marvellous creation of the writer's genius — little Nell — paralleled only by Eva, the most beautifully idealized of Mrs. Stowe's characters. The present is the seventh of this series with a new preface by the author.

S.

THE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION have done good service to the young in bringing out new editions of Greenwood's Sermons to Children, and Lives of the Apostles.